Week ending July 21 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Burnham Carter listened to the legends of Trinidad

ONE day in the late 1920s Burnham Carter, secretary to the United States Ambassador in Cuba, met an adroit little Cuban and his buxom, pretty wife in Havana. He was captivated by them, gave them the names of Tio Martinez and Amelia, and wrote a story about them. It was the first of a highly successful series, the latest of which appears on page 9.

Carter, a fifty-five year old New Yorker, now lives in Cornish, New Hampshire. "That's a far cry from Havana both spiritually and physically," he says. "It is perhaps a tribute to the charms of Havana, and to those of Tio and Amelia, that I have continued to write about them and Cuba."

Tio has become a favourite character in America, and is being dramatized for television. Yet it was not until 1946 that Carter began full-time writing. A graduate of Princeton University, he taught at a boys' school, became a partner in a public relations firm, went to Cuba, was sacked along with his ambassador by the new broom of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the recently elected President, and then re-entered business until he felt that he could keep his wife and three children by his writing.

He absorbed the background to his latest story during a trip to the Cuban port of Trinidad, which, he says, lives in poverty with only the memory of its past grandeur to sustain it.

"There are many legends in Trinidad—tales of buried treasure, of gold hidden in walls, of priceless *objets d'art* in the hut of someone whose grandfather was a slave. My story is pure fiction, but it is not unlike those you may hear in a little open-air Trinidad café, when the moon rises high and the men relax over their coffee."

AT her home in Issy, on the outskirts of Paris, Dr. Claudie Fayein, who begins the story of her adventures in the Yemen on page 12, is preparing for another expedition. She leaves soon for Albania, a country which few visitors from the West are allowed to enter. Albania is largely a Moslem country, and Dr. Fayein hopes to discover how Moslem women, brought up under strict religious and social laws, are adapting themselves to the new Communist régime.

It was her passionate interest in mankind that took Dr. Fayein to the Yemen, and she was warned that she was entering a suspicious, dangerous country. On her return to France, however, she left behind many friends and much goodwill. The Yemen Government recently invited her to return to take up a medical post. "I still write to many of my friends there," she says. "Especially the aged minister Cadi Ragheb, and Princess Bechaldine, fourth wife of the Iman. I send them books, magazines, toys for the children, clothing and medicine."

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Free Speech

- **Banning oil from troubled beaches**
- **Should bankruptcy be a crime?**
- **Setting the stage for sales**

OUR holiday, which was spent at a resort on the south coast, has been unusually costly this year.

My husband and I bought new holiday wear for ourselves and the family, but much of it has been ruined by the tar which we discovered —too late—in patches all over the beach. We complained to a council official, but he merely shrugged and said that, as the "tar" was waste oil put out by ships and then washed up by the tide, the council could not be held responsible. But can't anything be done about this menace?—B. G. M., Birmingham.

"An Act will come into force in September making it an offence for British ships to pollute the sea by discharging oil in a large sea area around Britain, and by next summer there will undoubtedly be a tremendous improvement in our seaside resorts," says the Transport Ministry.

"But the problem will never be completely solved until the International Convention on oil pollution, so far ratified by Britain and three other countries, comes into force—and for that sixteen more signatories are needed."

Gambles That Fail

If a man obtains goods or money by false pretences, he commits a crime. Similarly, if he sells goods being bought on hire purchase, he is guilty of an offence, even though he immediately pays the balance owing to the goods. Why, then, should a man go bankrupt for an enormous sum and yet not be thought to have committed an offence?—D. W. HAWLEY, London, S.W.14.

"Industry and commerce could not function if traders and business men were not allowed to take calculated risks which may not always come off," says a lawyer. "The difficulty is to distinguish between the honest bankrupt who has failed through no fault of his own, and the dishonest one. Where there appears to be flagrant dishonesty, the registrar can refer the matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions."

Full Fare Only

Season tickets are issued by London Transport for the Underground, and for some combined bus and Underground journeys. But isn't it time they issued season tickets for exclusive use on buses? I have several friends in the provinces, and they tell me their local bus companies supply them.—B. L., Hornsey, London.

"We have considered doing so many times," says London Transport, "but the complexity of the bus system, with the multitudinous variations in the length of journey required by passengers, makes season tickets impracticable. They would entail a heavy risk of abuse, require heavy stocks to be kept on buses for issue, and would take conductors longer to check properly than to issue ordinary tickets."

Emergency Aid

Recently, a friend was driving along a lonely road when he came across the scene of a serious accident—two cars had collided. Several people were trapped and it was some time before he and his companion could extricate the victims and render first aid. Until the police arrived, the two of them had to use any materials they could find to tend the injured.

It seems to me unfortunate that car owners are not compelled by law to be equipped with first aid kit. If they were, valuable time could be saved in the case of an accident.—E. N., Sussex.

"No injured person should be moved or upset," says a doctor. "The best thing to do is to call a doctor or an ambulance. Nothing else should be done, except to control any severe bleeding, using a simple dressing."

Safer Glass

Banister panelling of "bubble pattern" glass ("Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, June 23) could be dangerous if an elderly person or a child fell against it, whereas wood would only lead to a bad bruise or bump.—MISS P. HILLARD, Welling, Kent.

"Bubble pattern glass cannot be toughened and would not stand up to much force," says a glass manufacturer. "The panelling would be safer if carried out with toughened or wired glass."

New Rôle

A friend of mine works for the British subsidiary of an American manufacturing company, and naturally a number of American ideas have been adopted.

One of these is that the main feature of the annual national sales conference should consist of a series of brief plays, each written and acted

by the salesmen of the various areas, and each demonstrating some method of overcoming "consumer resistance." I told him I thought it sounded rather childish, but he tells me the scheme is remarkably effective. The salesmen learn far more from the plays than from mere talk in the conference hall.—L. B. R., Staines, Middlesex.

Monopoly Of Wheezes?

All the ideas mentioned in your recent series, "Wizards At War," seem to have been submitted by boffins or officers of special service units. But assuming that ninety-nine per cent of the thousands of suggestions and inventions submitted by ordinary people were too fantastic or impracticable, there must have been many that were developed and used.

I am sure that Gerald Pawle would be the last to assert that the inventive genius of the average Briton played no useful part in the scientific war, and that it was fought by brasshats and boffins alone.—L. W. Cox, Shevington, near Wigan, Lancashire.

"As far as 'Wheezers And Dodgers' was concerned," says Gerald Pawle, "it was staffed largely by temporary R.N.V.R. officers who were themselves 'average Britons' with an inventive flair. Edward Terrell, for instance, who invented plastic armour and went on to do valuable work in other fields throughout the naval war, was neither boffin nor brasshat. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

If you can brush after meals, that's best—if not, here's

NEWS! A toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal-

Picnicking on Hog's Back, Surrey

JUST ONE BRUSHING removes most bacteria—major cause of decay and mouth odour

Can't brush after every meal? Then new Gleem toothpaste is specially *made* for busy people like you. *Just one brushing* with Gleem removes most bacteria — major cause of tooth decay and mouth odour. That's because Gleem has the exclusive ingredient GL-70★, an important new decay-fighter. Gleem with GL-70 *gets at the cause of decay.*

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[NCT 94]

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

is a distinguished barrister and Recorder of Newbury. Nevil Shute, the famous novelist, Robert Lochner, also a barrister, and Alec Menhinick, a journalist—to mention only three other 'Wheezers And Dodgers'—were not professional inventors and scientists, but all made important contributions to the development of naval devices and weapons."

Points Of View

A friend of mine, who has returned from America, told me that a singer on television there was suddenly cut off in the middle of a song when viewers telephoned their disapproval.

In Britain we usually learn the next morning in our newspapers when protests have been made by telephone. But as viewers make known

their reactions so speedily, is there any reason why a programme should have to offend throughout its full allotted time?—H. DALBY, Surrey.

"We cater for all tastes," says the B.B.C. "The minority of people who protest, saying they don't like a programme, have to remember that there are other people who do."

Price Freeze?

Some months ago, while redecorating our kitchen, we moved the refrigerator into the living-room. After we had moved it back to its proper place we found it wouldn't work, so we asked the local agent for a repair estimate. He quoted between £18 and £20.

We couldn't afford this, so for a time we used the refrigerator as a cupboard. Then, two weeks ago, we decided to have it repaired, but before doing so we asked our local electricity board to send a man to look at it. We explained to him, just as we did to the local agent, what had happened. Within half an hour the refrigerator was working, and later the bill arrived — for only 17s. 9d.—W. WINTERBURN, Ipswich.

Full Spate

As one well acquainted with Eskdale —both fell and river—I know that Dudley Hoys ("Report From The Editor," June 23) did not exaggerate the flow of the Esk near St. Catherine's Church.

Eighteen months ago I was in the district when the river was in full flood. A car parked outside the church was caught by the steadily rising waters, and an attempt by the owner to "anchor" it with rope was in vain. The rope snapped and the car was swept into the main current. It finished up two hundred yards downstream — a total wreck and hardly recognizable.—T. M., Whitehaven, Cumberland.

Young Drivers

A boy is allowed to drive a motor-cycle at the age of sixteen, but he must wait until he is seventeen before he can drive a car. It seems to me that the converse would be more sensible: a motor-cycle is probably more difficult to learn to drive and is potentially more lethal than a car.—J. H. WARD, Sherborne, Dorset.

Minimum age limits for driving vehicles in Belgium, France and Germany are sixteen for motor-cycles and eighteen for cars, but in Denmark a person must be eighteen before he can drive either.

Wedding Memento

An interesting variation on the usual wafer of wedding cake, sent in Britain to guests who are unable to attend the reception, was received by me from Italy recently.

It consisted of several white sugared almonds wrapped in white veiling and placed on a tiny metal pintray.—L. P. M., Manchester.

Sending white sugared almonds to those invited to a wedding they cannot attend is the custom in Italy. Usually the sweets arrive in a box or with a lace covering, and sometimes a small gift accompanies them.

Saddle Appeal

At the riding schools nowadays there are very few young men and small boys. And in Richmond Park, Hyde Park and on Hampstead Heath girl riders outnumber boys by about twenty to one. I wonder why this is. —MISS D. BROWN, London, N.W.8.

"Female riders certainly do outnumber male," says the British Horse Society, "probably because they have more time for horse riding than men, who can also take an interest in many active sports, such as football and rugby, in which women seldom participate."

No Need For Speed

The "immense possibilities" of a large-scale switchover from longhand to shorthand ("Free Speech," June 23) are greatly overrated.

Only a few people need to write as much as five times faster than they do now—and those who do can learn shorthand now. One generation would hardly be enough for a change-over: a lifetime would be necessary for the resulting chaos to die down. Another objection is that shorthand has a phonetic alphabet, and dialect and accent would soon prove to be barriers in correspondence. — D. WILLIAMS, Newcastle upon Tyne.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HERE they come! A high tide of bubbling youngsters rolling in with buckets and spades and parents who could have a much quieter time at home. Or so they think now; luggage and long journeys are enough to make anyone hate holidays. But once the baggage is parked the sea's old magic is sure to work again. It still works for cover artist Laurent, who lives at the seaside. His only reservation is about vigorous visitors who get up too early. "When I go down to the sea," he says, "I like to have it to myself."

Set for your holiday?

Time to get a new razor

Going on holiday? Just the time to replace your old razor and bring your shaving up-to-date with a new Gillette 'Rocket' Set. It's so simple. Twist — the razor's open. Click — a new blade is loaded. Twist again — you're ready for the shave of your life. For 6/6 you get a quick-action razor and a quick-feed Dispenser with 6 Blue Gillette Blades — all in a smart travel case. That's real value!

Gillette 'Rocket' set

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It is not enough to live to a ripe old age. Your later years must continue to be healthful and vigorous and the natural degenerative changes of your body must be retarded as much as possible.

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If you are beginning to 'feel your age', or are run-down or overworked, go to your chemist and get a bottle of Phyllosan tablets today. If you take two of the tablets *regularly* three times a day before meals, the results will astonish you.

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THE TRINIDAD TREASURE

A beautiful blonde . . . a little burglary. Tio couldn't resist such a tempting chance. And the plan came from the Old Testament by BURNHAM CARTER

STROLLING along one of the narrow streets of the old city of Havana, the tourist might pass the open front of the Café Mosca without a turn of the head. As the guide books say: "There is nothing here that need detain the traveller"; just a simple, shadowy café, fragrant with coffee, limes and rum, frequented chiefly by men who eat alone or converse quietly in two and threes at the marble-topped tables.

It is a fact, however, that the patrons belong to that special class of society known as the underworld, using the Mosca as a place where they can relax from the demands of both business and pleasure. Yoyo Marino, the pickpocket; Nicky Avicinio, the dope peddler; Maru, the smuggler, and others of that kind do not practise their trade at the Mosca. Within the café they are honest and pay cash. The Mosca, to them, has the special sanctity of home.

For that reason, the arrival of a smartly dressed blonde one mid-morning caused a slight stir among those present. The blonde remained indifferent to this attention and walked directly to the bar to speak to Tio Martinez, the proprietor. She had a shapely figure, with a round, bright face that was worldly wise without being hard.

After confirming Tio's identity, she said, with a pleasant smile: "I have a note for you from George Young," and

The girl handed Tio a note—a reminder of the lush, unlawful past. He asked how he could help her. "It's rather a long story," she said

Tio shone a flashlight at the wall—then stared. So it was true . . .

handed him an envelope. George Young lived in Florida and, in the lush days of prohibition, Tio had enjoyed a profitable partnership with him in rum-running. Now George had moved up, or at least along, to the management of a Miami night-spot.

The note said:

> Tio: This girl, Joan Dessay, works for me—a dancer. She's O.K. Maybe you can help her. *Salud peseta.* George.

From George, a man of few words, this introduction was a real tribute. Tio inquired how he could be of service.

"It's rather a long story," Joan said. "Could you sit down with me for a few minutes—or could we meet somewhere else?"

Amelia, Tio's plump and pretty wife, was in the kitchen, preparing for the luncheon crowd. There would be half an hour of relative quiet. The time was as good as any, but not the place: it was easier to talk to attractive blondes outside the home area.

Tio left Pepe, his brother-in-law, to take charge, and escorted the girl to a café two blocks away.

"George said you were O.K., too," Joan began, "so perhaps we'll like each other. I hope so, because I have to ask you to do something for me—something difficult."

"Probably less difficult than to refuse you, señorita."

"Well, it's nice of you to say so. I have to tell you about my life, too. I was born in Trinidad. Perhaps you know it." Trinidad was a small, very old seaport town on the south coast of Cuba, about two hundred miles away. "My grandfather was a Varona," Joan continued. "But that probably means nothing to you."

"It was a famous family," Tio said.

Joan gave him a shrewd look. "You are guessing—but it's true. He owned many thousand acres of land, six hundred slaves and two sugar mills. But my grandmother didn't like Trinidad. There was no social life. She wanted to live in Paris or Rome.

"Well, one day my grandfather was riding home from the sugar fields and a man stepped from behind a tree and shot him in the shoulder. My grandfather fell from his horse, but managed to draw his own pistol and shoot the other. It was one of his slaves, paid by my grandmother to kill him, so that she could inherit the money and live where she pleased. The older son, my uncle, was in the plot, too. My uncle fled to the United States, my grandmother was banished and my grandfather announced: 'If money can cause such evil, I want no more of it.' So he gave it all away, and reduced himself and my mother to extreme poverty."

"What a pity!" Tio said. "For myself, I behave better when I have money than when I haven't."

"Well, it was hard on my mother, yet she never blamed my grandfather. She took care of him. She married a French refugee named Dessay, who left her a year after I was born. She had to sell the furniture to buy food for us. When my grandfather was dying, he told her that he had left something for me, but there was no will. Then my uncle came back, a wealthy man, and claimed the estate for himself as the older son. There was nothing for us to do but go away."

There was a rueful smile on Joan's face. "We got to Paris and Rome, but not in the way my grandmother wanted. We saw some very interesting old slums. My mother sang in music halls. From the age of ten I danced. I was always hungry. Well, no matter. Two months ago my mother died. She had carried with her always a little packet of old letters, which I did not have the heart to look at until last week. There was one marked: 'For my grand-daughter Joanna. To be opened on her twenty-fifth birthday.' So I opened it."

"You are twenty-five?"

"No, certainly not. I am only twenty—but I am a woman."

"I see."

"Here is what was inside."

She took from her handbag a sheet of notepaper, with the Varona coat-of-arms at the top. It was inscribed:

TO JOANNA:
EZEKIEL 8, 7, 8

"Listen." Joan read from a pocket Bible: *"And he brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall."*

Tio's ears perked. The quotation was extremely interesting.

"Of course, it may only be an old family diary," Joan continued, "but I think it is a treasure of gold. And it belongs to me, although I could not claim it under the law. If my uncle knew about it, he would take it from me."

"Yes."

"So I want you to dig it out of the wall for me without his knowing. And I will give you a tenth of it."

Tio's face showed no surprise. He had received quite a few colourful business offers in his time. This one had a fairy-tale quality that appealed to his imagination.

Of course it was illegal, and he had promised Amelia to abstain from activities of that character. But, as the girl had indicated, the gold—if there was any—was morally hers; and Amelia had been talking lately of a freezer for the restaurant, which would cost easily a thousand dollars; and when one considered these two facts in the light shed on any situation by a blonde with a pleasing figure, one found the prospect tempting.

Tio wrestled briefly with his conscience; and as usual Tio won.

"I will do it," he said. "Tell me what you have planned."

JOAN leaned towards him eagerly. "I called on my uncle yesterday and identified myself. He is a cold, queer man who sits all day among his papers writing a family history. He has the reputation of being a miser. He's always suspicious that people want to steal his money, and he almost never goes out. But I persuaded him to dine with me tomorrow night at the hotel.

"Now, my idea is, you will call on him tomorrow morning, as a writer collecting material on old Trinidad. You can be an American writer because you speak English even better than he. You will have an opportunity to examine the house, especially the wall by the arched doorway leading to the patio; that, I think, is 'the door of the court,' mentioned in the Bible verse. That evening you will go back to the *palacio,* while we are dining. If you find

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

anything, you can bring it to Havana, and I will get in touch with you here."

"Of course I would be suspected at once."

"Of what? He may notice nothing wrong for some time. Or if he finds the hole, how will he know what is gone? And, finally, he will not know who you are."

"It's unfair that you, who do not need a mind, should have one," Tio declared gallantly. "There's only one other question: What if nothing is there?"

Joan bestowed on him her sweetest smile. "Then, frankly, there is no reward for either of us. But I hope you will feel, as I do, that our time was not wholly wasted."

In the face of this courtesy, Tio, a hard man to melt, was melted. She gave him an old-fashioned iron key, about four inches long, which belonged to the rear door of the *palacio*. It was agreed that to avoid any appearance of conspiracy, they would travel separately and would not meet there.

She drew him a street map and a picture of the mansion, so he would know where to go. They shook hands on their venture, and Tio returned to the Mosca.

"I had a visit with a friend of George Young's this morning," he remarked to Amelia.

She was on her guard. "Not one of his American gangsters?"

"No, my tuberose. A former Cuban, now in the entertainment business in Miami. Entirely honest. They want me to go to Trinidad tonight to help recover some property."

"You mean, I suppose, stolen property?"

"No, indeed. Property honestly earned and hidden away to await the present heir. That's all I can say now. I'll be back the morning after tomorrow."

Within its limits the statement was true; but Amelia was only partially reassured by it. It had that vagueness of detail characteristic of statements that are designed to appease rather than inform. But the evening press of business had begun, and she let the question pass.

Tio engaged Sam, the American taxi-driver, a Mosca habitué and an old companion, to drive him the two hundred miles to Trinidad in return for a case of rum, and Amelia bade them a restrained goodbye.

By mid-afternoon of the next day she was suffering from an acute sense of being neglected; and at that opportune moment Captain Raoul Molina, of the Secret Police, a long-time admirer, called at the café.

The captain, a handsome man with broad shoulders, was making one of his periodic checks of the Mosca. If these were more frequent than his inspections of other similar places, it was not because he liked the Mosca less, but because he liked Amelia more. In the field of love, as in the field of duty, the captain believed that the rewards went to the persistent.

"I have never seen you looking better," he addressed Amelia.

"Well, there have been times when I've felt better," Amelia replied. "But it's a pleasure to see you, Captain."

"I confess I've missed you. A police officer's life is a lonely one."

"I'm puzzled as to why you haven't asked someone to share it with you."

"It's hard when the girl of one's dreams is married to someone else."

"It must be even harder when the dream changes from week to week."

The captain laughed. He turned to survey the room, and the eyes of the customers dropped to the tables in front of them, like those of boys in a classroom.

"I see some old acquaintances," the captain said. "But where is my good friend Tio?"

"He is away," Amelia replied. "He's in Trinidad."

"In Trinidad!" Molina was too surprised to

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The girl pulled Tio back into the darkness. "You must leave at once," she whispered

A Frenchwoman visits the fantastic land of sheikhs and harems

Woman Doctor in the Veiled City

by CLAUDIE FAYEIN

A people's fair is held before the Bab el Yemen, main gate of the walled city of Sana. All foreigners must enter through this arch

In all my experience as a doctor, I have never been closer to the drama of life and death than I was in the Yemen, Southern Arabia. Sometimes, when I was desperately tired after dealing single-handed with situations like a diphtheria epidemic, in which four young children died on my hands, simply through lack of serum, I used to recall the peaceful existence which I had left behind in my native France.

I was approaching middle age, married, with four children at school, and had a job as a social welfare doctor. But I still cherished my youthful dreams of foreign travel.

Proof of my ability to lead a tough life was given to me when I served with the maquis during the war. My husband was arrested by the Germans and condemned to be shot. I started a campaign to save him, and he was freed at the last minute.

Since then he has always understood my desire for adventure, and when I told him that I felt restless he immediately gave me a year's leave of absence. I was not burdened by financial or family worries—a relative offered to keep house for me during any trip I cared to make—so I searched for a job overseas.

Numerous possible openings vanished one by one, and I was beginning to despair when I heard about the Yemen—the land of the Queen of Sheba; a mountainous country, five-sixths the size of Britain, with five million inhabitants who are still in the Middle Ages. They have few needs, and rarely open their frontiers to foreigners. But now the Imam, king of the Yemen, was offering £100 a month to foreign specialists. . . .

Six months later there came a cabled reply to my application: "His Majesty King Ahmed, Imam of the Yemen, agrees to and grants the arrival of the Very Honourable Doctor Fayein."

In January, 1951, I set out.

My first glimpse of the Yemen was from the air, on the way to Aden. Below me was a flat yellow country. Geologists believe it to be rich in mineral resources, especially oil, but the Imam suspects the intentions of prospecting missions and often refuses them admission.

In Aden I met a merchant who had no illusions about the Yemen or Yemenites. "If you were my daughter," he said, "I should forbid you to continue your journey; if you were my friend, I should beg you to give it up. But since you are neither, I can only give you this simple warning: don't go, for you will regret it."

His words only sharpened my determination. I made the trip from Aden into the Yemen

Doctor Fayein rides through Sana, capital of the Yemen. When she arrived she found there were only three Europeans in the city

Imam Ahmed, the Yemenite king, lives in a fortified palace where musical instruments are prohibited. His heir, Seif el Islam el Bedr (below), prefers to live on the coast

by lorry. Beyond the frontier, the country became rougher and rougher. There was little vegetation, few houses and very few people. It took five hours to cover the last twelve miles to the city of Taiz, to meet the king. Taiz, its houses made of mud or rough-hewn stone, is at an altitude of 4,600 feet, and the road, which was hardly visible because it was night, became narrower and steeper.

I found King Ahmed was a rather corpulent man in his sixties. He is of average height and has a grey beard that is dyed black. Sala, his residence, is a fortified palace which he has built several miles outside Taiz in the dramatic landscape of a chaotic, sombre valley. There he was living with two of his four wives. The third wife, who later became my friend, lived in Sana, the capital of the Yemen. The fourth was a young slave girl who not long before had presented the Imam with two children, and was living in a house near the palace.

The heir apparent is the Imam's son, Seif el Islam el Bedr, who prefers to live in the coastal town of Hodeida because life at Sala, strictly divided between work and prayer, is far from gay. There are no shows of any kind, and musical instruments are prohibited as being profane. Only the unaccompanied human voice is permitted.

The king once had a jester at his court, a little dwarf who knew how to cheer him, but one day somebody had the idea of dunking him in the well. They kept plunging him in and hauling him out, and he was so good at simulating terror that nobody perceived at what moment he ceased play-acting. It went on for so long that finally they found dangling at the end of the rope a pitiful little object which no longer shrieked or wept.

In remorse, the king fasted for two weeks, and never took another jester. Now, when he is in need of entertainment, he plays with an electric train.

I was impatient to visit the local hospital. One doctor I met refused to set foot in it, and had installed a small dispensary in his house. Whenever I asked him for the reason for his refusal, he would merely reply, "You'll see."

The hospital—which has since been replaced by an imposing, modern structure—consisted of several plain, one-storey buildings grouped around a court. The surgery was pitiful, and as ill-equipped as the pharmacy. I visited the sick wards escorted by a male nurse. Everywhere was the appalling spectacle of bed frames slung from ropes and filled with emaciated, half-naked bodies.

ADVANCING through a nightmare, I saw ten or more men's wards. Then a gateway opened on to some windowless hovels. These were the women's wards. Patients were stretched out side by side on the dirt floor, and one of them held out to me her baby.

It was heart-breaking, but what could I do? For all this suffering there were no medicaments. I was powerless. There was nothing I could give to the mother or to the child. Nothing!

I wanted to complete my journey and get to Sana, but I had not yet received my first month's salary. Salah, my driver, took me to the treasury. There was a profusion of bulging money sacks, as well as an enormous safe full of foreign currency, cans of petrol, tinned goods, spare parts for motor-cars, and filters for drinking water. A soldier seized one of the sacks and went into the courtyard, where he sat on some stairs and began to count out my pay.

In a cage not far away, an aged lion was growling deep in its throat. Several years earlier, the lion had accompanied the king in processions, wearing a collar with chains at each side held by slaves. Now, however, he was too old. Other lions were being raised at the palace, but they were still too young and not well behaved enough to appear in public.

Soon I was in a jeep on my way to Sana. We stopped for the night at Zabid, an entirely medieval city with high walls, bastions, emplacements for watchmen and fortified gates. It was once the site of a university, where, it is said, algebra was invented.

Food had been prepared for us. Salah, his assistant driver and I ate it hungrily. It was a meal without any European pretensions. There were no utensils. A thin loaf of bread shaped like a pancake was placed before me and served as a plate.

We had raw turnips, tomato salad, stuffed

pimentos, roast rabbit and chicken, potatoes in gravy, rose cream mixed with raisins, almonds and pistachio. Then the table was removed, and two braziers were set before us on which were two dark-hued earthenware pots. This was the *helba*, a Yemenite national dish, which had to be eaten piping hot.

One pot contained a mutton stew, the other an extremely strong sauce made of mustard seeds, spices, and aromatic herbs finely ground and whipped up with a little water into a greenish foam. The gravy from the stew was poured into the foam and mixed with it.

There was nothing to drink until the end of the meal, when glasses of incense-perfumed water were brought. It was the correct etiquette to breathe into my glass with gurgling sounds. The hearty belch which did honour to my host was thus made easier.

THREE days later, we halted at Hammam Ali. Because of its sulphur springs, famous for therapeutic properties, the town has long been a centre for bathers.

Overlooking Hammam Ali is an ancient castle, and I learned that Prince Mouktar, an important sheik, was then in residence. A prince in a real castle! It was the chance of a lifetime and I was determined to call on him. . . .

When we entered the room where the prince was sitting, Salah flung himself face downwards and kissed the prince's feet.

Mouktar was informally attired; a long green robe open over his shirt, his belt and dagger hanging on the wall, and on the floor beside him his white turban with only one flap, the insignia of men of royal rank. The room was very simply furnished with rugs and cushions.

Soon Mouktar went off to the baths, leaving me with his first wife. She was no longer young, but her dark eyes were beautiful in her ivory face with its regular features. Her hair, parted in the middle and drawn into braids on each side, was covered with a light veil knotted under her chin. A white wimple completely masked her throat, and her red silk gown had long sleeves, a tight-fitting bodice, a waistline just beneath her bosom, and a gathered skirt. In spite of all my efforts, however, I could get nothing out of her but banal, polite phrases.

The prince returned, flushed, sweating and panting, and stretched himself out to rest. Because I was eager to visit a Yemenite hydropathic establishment, I offered my jeep to take the ladies of his harem to the baths.

While the women were getting ready, Salah unloaded the car and hung a large curtain behind the front seat to make a kind of enclosure. The four wives of the prince and their two female attendants vanished inside, swathed in veils, and I took my place in front beside the driver.

At the baths we went into a kind of cellar where the heat was stifling. The stone walls were dark and slimy, and the gloom was hardly cut by the light filtering in through a narrow opening at the top of the domed roof. In the centre of the room was a large, rather shallow pool of steaming water. A series of dressing-rooms, carpeted with straw mats, opened out of each other, and the senior princess made a sign for me to accompany her.

I undressed rapidly and completely—and it was my greatest social error. My modest Moslem companion undressed with a skilful technique and glanced at me furtively with scandalized eyes. Squatting down at the edge of the pool, she washed herself with one hand, scooping up little dabs of water, without coming out from beneath her bath towel.

I went into the next underground room, where it was slightly better. The women were younger and duskier, their feet were in the water, and they were covered only from waist to knee. From the third room came the sounds of joyous splashing. There I came upon two Negresses, very young and stark naked. I had nothing to fear for my reputation, and bathed there. When I returned, the senior princess, purified by her ablutions, had donned her prayer robe, and her white form was bowing down to the ground as she murmured in the darkness.

EARLY the next morning, we set off for Sana. The track climbed steeply. On either side the fields were bare, but there were villages on every small hilltop. As we reached an altitude of seven thousand feet, the air grew cold.

I was waiting for Sana to appear. Taiz, Zabid and Hammam Ali had completely separated me from the world I had known before. I was beginning to have a faint idea of what my priyileged position in this country would mean. The men would allow me as a woman to penetrate the jealously guarded secret lives of their womenfolk. As a doctor, they would treat me as their equal.

In that way, I should perhaps become acquainted with the two sides of Moslem society, and understand the balance between them. . . .

Even seen from the air, Sana is an exceptional

At the palace lions were being trained to accompany the Imam on ceremonial parades

In harems, small boys like this, called douidars, now replace eunuchs as servants

Four of Doctor Fayein's staff—Mohammed, Ali, Ahmed and Abdallah. Another of her servants was a twice-convicted murderer

A camel was used to deliver mattresses to the hospital. Although beds were plentiful, medicines were very scarce

city, gathered compactly within its walls, but to the traveller who has just come through the mountains, it is an even more astonishing spectacle.

It appears suddenly, white and gleaming in the noonday sun. It is a city with many high buildings which, though they are close together, are open and luxurious. They are entirely covered with ornamentation. Above them soar the multiple minarets of the mosques.

From east to west, Sana is composed of three distinct sections: the Arab section; the old Turkish section; and the abandoned ghetto.

The Arab section, which is the oldest and largest, has about 40,000 inhabitants. It extends eastwards to the foot of Jebel Nogum, on the summit of which one can see the outlines of a fortress built on the ruins of the castle of Shem, Noah's son, father of all the Semites.

Protruding bastions give a scalloped effect to the thick clay walls thirty feet high which encircle Sana. These walls are pierced by a number of gateways, kept shut at night.

Near one of the gates, what seems to be a smithy is in fact a police station to which one can take anybody and have irons put on his feet without any legal procedure. All that is needed is a natural or legal authority over the victim. A soldier I saw in irons had, I was told, dared to argue with his sergeant.

There is nothing more common than the sight of a Yemenite wearing irons, his feet spread apart, the chain hooked up to his belt, the heavy bands around his ankles wound in rags. One to five sets of irons are worn at a time, according to the seriousness of the offence, for two to fifteen days.

The victim is unashamed; he jokes and continues his usual occupation. A finance minister, guilty of an error in his accounts, used to attend council meetings in this way.

The main gate of Sana, the Bab el Yemen, opens towards the south, and a law, strictly enforced, requires all foreigners to enter through it. Our jeep came to a halt as soon as we had entered, and soldiers rushed up to welcome us. I learned that I was one of the only four Europeans in the city.

From the Bab el Yemen we set out for the Dar el Diaffa, or guest house. In the street, trotting among the passers-by, were asses led by men with sheepskins over their shoulders who seemed to have stepped out of the Scriptures.

Superb horses cantered by silently and calmly, their necks encircled by collars of embroidered material. Astride them were nobles of murderous allure, their daggers at their sides, their shimmering robes caught up on the saddle, disclosing the calves of their legs and their feet well forward. They seemed to come straight from the pages of *The Arabian Nights*.

GUESTS are rare in Sana, and I had the vast two-storey guest house all to myself. One day the manager brought to me Ahmed, a tall, slender and extremely handsome youth whose upper lip bore the suggestion of a moustache. He was garbed in a long raspberry-coloured caftan and a massive silver-blue damask turban with a fringed flap. With an air of importance, the manager informed me that Ahmed was to be my servant—and made me a gift of him.

Later, I also made the acquaintance of Abdou, my future interpreter. He was a dry little man of about sixty. He wore a black wool turban and a khaki jacket enlivened by a bright pink scarf and a very handsome antique dagger.

I was eager to leave the Dar el Diaffa and have my own home, so I ordered Abdou to speed the preparations of my establishment. He took me at once to inspect the lodgings which had been set aside for me. Not far from the Dar el Diaffa, they were in the former residence of a Turkish governor of the city. It was called the House of Father Spike, for the governor had been in the habit of nailing recalcitrant Yemenites to their doors.

It was a long, single-storey building with a central doorway leading into a large hall. Reserved for me was the former harem. The walls were white and the ceilings lined with beams moulded in plaster. In one corner was a charcoal-burning hearth surmounted by a boiler for heating the bath water.

The House of the Spike was guarded by three soldiers, who lived in a little lodge at the main entrance, on the walls of which was an entire arsenal of daggers and rifles. They had goatskin mats on the floor for sleeping, and an outdoor brazier for cooking. Their principal function was to introduce visitors. They were doubtless supposed to spy on me, too, but a spy whose government pays him no more than 10s. a week is never very dependable.

Once I was settled in, I needed a staff. When I consulted Abdou about employing a woman, he said it would be impossible: Arab men never allow their wives to work for anybody but themselves. Fortunately, the handsome Ahmed offered to be my cook and ironer. He did not condescend to sweep the floors and carry water, but for such menial tasks he found an assistant, a gay and sprightly fifteen-year-old girl named Tagir.

Another member of my staff came to me by chance. I was called to a house to see Mohammed, a boy of fifteen. He had all the symptoms of typhus, and his parents had become resigned to his dying. I prescribed aureomycin, and left twelve capsules—which in the Yemen cost the equivalent of two months' pay for a soldier.

The next day, returning from a long round, I found three men at my door. They were the boy's relatives. One held out the bottle containing the capsules. All twelve were in it.

"Take it back," said the man. "We know that

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From a canoe on a Spanish marshland, Mountfort seeks unusual birds. On one trip to the Continent, he led a team of British experts. They identified 114 species in a day

Pictures like this of an avocet and nest may take days to secure. Others, says Mountfort, are a stroke of luck

Little egrets nesting in Spain. Mountfort has studied birds all over the world, and hopes to go to Mongolia

Sharp eye for birds

by PETER MICHELMORE

To study rare species, Guy Mountfort has stayed motionless for hours, braved wild bulls—and been arrested as a spy

ONE Friday in the early spring of 1952, Guy Mountfort, one of Britain's most distinguished ornithologists, decided on a weekend of complete rest from an exhausting routine he had been following for weeks. He had been working as a London advertising executive by day and as an author on a book about European birds by night.

Mountfort's collaborator on the book, Roger Peterson, an American bird expert, agreed that they should go to the Isle of Wight. They were landed at the southern tip of the island by a small private aircraft and by Saturday dusk Mountfort was leading Peterson up the steep stone stairway of St. Catherine's lighthouse.

"We stayed up most of the night on the railed balcony watching migrating birds, attracted by the light, arrive from across the Channel," says Peterson. "We had only a few hours' sleep on the stone floor before we flew back. Guy was refreshed and anxious to get back to work."

Mountfort, honorary secretary of the British Ornithologists' Union, is a tall, well-groomed man with greying hair and rimless spectacles. He is regarded, at fifty, as a bird-watcher of rare enthusiasm and energy. "Watching birds keeps me healthy and sane."

There are about five thousand members of bird-watching clubs and societies in Britain, but Mountfort says there are probably millions who follow the hobby. He adds that natural history programmes on television have given a great boost to bird-watching in recent years.

Mountfort is willing to go to a great deal of trouble to watch birds. In May, 1952, he and Peterson decided to visit southern Spain to get more details for their book—a field guide which has sold nearly 250,000 copies since its publication last year. They were invited to make their headquarters at a remote hunting lodge, owned by the wealthy Gonzalez family, in the Coto Doñana game reserve.

They took a car from Jerez to Sanlúcar, on the coast, and then travelled in an old boat a few miles up the broad Guadalquivir River. They disembarked at a landing stage, where Spanish guides had mules waiting for them. The two friends continued their journey on muleback—eighteen miles over rolling desert and through wild scrub country.

When they arrived at the lodge, four hours later, Peterson noticed that Mountfort's face creased with pain as he dismounted. The Englishman confessed apologetically that he had made the ride with a partially slipped disc. He injured his back during the war and it was still weak. The pain increased over the next few days, but Mountfort insisted on bird-watching through all the daylight hours.

Mountfort has observed well over a thousand bird species in fifty-eight different countries so far, but he conducted his most successful expedition to watch and photograph birds last May.

He led a party of top British ornithologists back to the Gonzalez lodge in the Spanish game reserve. The eight men scoured the shallow marshes, stunted scrubland and desert of the area for three weeks and finally identified 172 different bird species, more than one-third of the total inhabiting the whole of Europe. In one day they tallied 114 species, which Mountfort believes may be a European record.

The party had £6,000 worth of photographic equipment, both still and movie, and more than £1,000 worth of film was exposed. Some will be sent to Walt Disney for possible use in wild life films. Stills will be used in bird periodicals and books all over the world.

Some pictures came from lucky breaks. Mountfort was watching birds at their nest one day when a keeper beckoned him to follow. In a clearing a short distance away, the Spaniard pointed to the carcass of a deer. Mountfort was able to get a rare picture of three vultures—an Egyptian, a griffon and a black—tearing at the flesh and sharing the same meal.

Nearly all the successful shots taken on the expedition came as a result of infinite patience and standard practice. Mountfort found the nest of a fierce little bird called the great grey shrike concealed in a stunted oak tree. He carefully tied back the branches to reveal the nest, which contained several nestlings, then set up his "hide" thirty feet away. The hide is a box-shaped canvas tent five feet high and usually coloured to blend with the landscape.

Mountfort left his hide until the shrike family became accustomed to its presence, then moved it closer. Finally, he had it five feet away

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Shadow of the moon

by M. M. KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Lottie could not have her baby in the jungle. . . . And to leave it now meant death for the fugitives

THE sepoys had surrounded the toll-house. There could be no escape for the lone Englishman inside. Soon he would die, as the other *Feringhees* had died in Lunjore—as white men all over India were dying now. . . .

It was the start of the Indian Mutiny. Inside the besieged toll-house, Captain Alex Randall threw down his empty revolver. Now it was but a matter of waiting for the sepoys to close in. He was not afraid of death, but—and the question tortured him—what would happen to Winter? How long would she live if he died?

For months, as A.D.C. to the Commissioner of Lunjore, Alex had stiffly avoided Winter de Ballesteros—otherwise Mrs. Conway Barton, the commissioner's lady. In 1857 it was the thing to do when you loved another man's wife.

But that morning, when the mutineers stormed the Residency, Alex had led a small party into the jungle—Winter, Mrs. Lou Cottar, poor deranged Lottie English, who was expecting a baby. By now they would have reached the

Alex collapsed into Winter's arms . . . and slept. He was safe. Winter was not afraid any more, of the night noises or anything else

haven of the *Hirren Minar*, an ancient hunting-lodge Alex had found in the depths of the jungle.

He had left them to go on alone while he joined his orderly, Niaz Mahomet, at the Bridge of Boats.

Together they had blown the bridge, cutting the road by which the mutineers would have reached Lucknow. But Niaz had been killed, and he himself was trapped. . . .

Cautiously, Alex inched the toll-house door open. The jungle was only thirty yards away, but he would be cut down long before he could reach it. Then, as he stood there, he heard horses' hooves galloping down the Lunjore road. For one vital second the attention of the watching sepoys was distracted.

Alex went through the door like a coiled spring. Uproar broke out behind him. A single shot whistled by his head. Then he was in the jungle—running for his life. . . .

PART FOUR

The Return Of Alex Randall

WINTER and Lou Cottar heard the faint, far-away crack of rifle fire at the bridge, and the distant roar of the explosion. All that afternoon the firing continued. They guessed what it meant and watched and listened, and waited.

Once Winter picked up the shotgun that Niaz had left on the floor of the upper room, and said desperately: "I'm going! It can't be far away . . . he said it wasn't more than a mile. I . . . I might help."

Lou Cottar took the gun from her. "He wouldn't thank you for it," she said. And Winter knew that to be true.

For want of anything else to do they set about turning the stone chamber into some semblance of a room. It at least kept them occupied. Alex and Niaz had once spent two weeks in the *Hirren Minar*, shooting in the surrounding jungles, and they had made themselves tolerably comfortable.

By the time they finished, the sun was almost at the level of the tree-tops, and they had heard no shots for some time. They looked at each other and looked away again. They said nothing because they were both thinking the same thing: that Alex must be dead.

We are on our own now, thought Lou Cottar. *We shall have to get out of this by ourselves . . . if there is a way out. I expect we can do it. It's a pity about Lottie English. It's going to be difficult with her on our hands.*

Winter thought: *He is dead. If he were not, he would have come back by now. The bridge went hours ago . . . hours. And I thought him a coward not to stay and be killed at the Residency, instead of doing something sensible and dying at the bridge instead.*

The faint, far-away crack of a single shot broke the brooding stillness, and the two women turned their heads as one to listen; but there were no more shots. It was, somehow, a very final sound. Like a period at the end of a chapter.

"I'll take some of Lottie's clothes and wash them in the river," said Winter abruptly, "and my own. They'll dry in an hour."

She removed her own torn, dusty, sweat-soaked clothes and wrapped herself in a length of faded blue cotton cloth that they had found. It made a skimpy though adequate *sari*, and she wound it about her in the fashion of the Indian women.

"You know," said Lou Cottar thoughtfully, "you could almost pass as an Indian, if you'd get a little more sunburned. It's your hair and eyes. It may be a help yet."

"I should have to learn to walk without shoes," said Winter.

"We may both have to," said Lou Cottar grimly, and turned away to collect a few of Lottie's underclothes for Winter to rinse in the river.

The river ran gold in the evening light by the time Winter reached it, and the far bank was already in shadow. The water slid past like silk, so smooth and still that it seemed impossible that there could be strong and treacherous currents beneath that placid surface.

She clambered cautiously down the steep bank and, removing her makeshift *sari*, tucked it and the bundle of soiled clothing in a hollow among the tree roots, and let herself down into the water.

It was cool and delicious beyond belief, and she pulled down her long hair and dipped her head in the water, washing away the sweat and dust and the tangled fragments of grass and leaves.

Then she reached for the bundle of clothing among the roots and washed out the torn, soiled garments in the river. They made a damp, heavy bundle.

She climbed the bank again and wrapped the *sari* about her once more, leaving her wet hair hanging loose.

She had stayed far longer by the river than she had meant to, and now the sun was gone and the swift twilight was closing in. She began to hurry through the tangled undergrowth, but she had gone less than a dozen yards when she stopped on the edge of a small clearing.

Something was moving in the jungle ahead of her, as though some large animal were walking slowly towards her through the dry, rustling

The dacoit drew a knife and, with glittering eyes, slowly moved towards Lottie

THE JUMMA MASJID AT DELHI—said to be the largest mosque in the world.

Delhi—City of Gateways

Few other cities have had so chequered a career as Delhi, capital of India. Legend has it that Delhi was the site of the battle described in the great Hindu epic—the *Mahabharata*. Since then kings and emperors have come and gone, and each dynasty has left its triumphal gateway in Delhi. The city is proud of its history.

Today in Delhi old stares at new. The muezzin still calls the faithful to prayer at Jumma Masjid, as in the days of Shah Jehan; while in the Lok Sabha or Parliament decisions reaching into the life of 360 million people are taken.

The people of Delhi are friendly and open hearted, fond of the arts and, like gregarious men everywhere, fond of a good cup of tea. No wonder the little red Brooke Bond van is a familiar sight here . . . as it brings fresh supplies of Brooke Bond tea to dealers in the city.

In India, as in Britain, and indeed wherever tea is drunk, they know that Brooke Bond stands for good tea . . . fresh tea.

* * *

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond – good tea and fresh.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens – more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world – with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

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good tea - and FRESH!

Travel

'OUT INTO SPACE'

Each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets', contains one of 50 picture cards on stars and planets—approved by A. Hunter, Ph.D., Sec. Royal Astronomical Soc.

bushes. She froze into stillness, her hand gripping the revolver.

The noise came nearer and nearer and her finger tightened upon the trigger of the revolver as the high grass at the far side of the clearing rustled and parted.

It was Alex who stood there.

For a moment she did not believe it. She had given him up for dead, and the sight of him —filthy, bloodstained, dazed, but alive—was a greater shock by far than the sight of his dead body would have been. The revolver slipped from her hand and she stood up with a cry and took a swift step forward, the bundle of clothing falling unheeded to the ground.

Alex checked, swaying, and his hand moved automatically to the butt of his useless revolver. Through the haze before his eyes he saw a slim Indian girl confronting him in the dusk, the blue of her thin cotton *sari* and the blue-black of her long, unbound hair melting into the shadows of the darkening jungle behind her.

Then he recognized her.

THEY stood staring at each other. Then Alex stumbled forward and, as she ran to him, dropped on his knees. She caught him, holding him to her, and felt his arms go about her in a desperate grip.

She held his head against her. His hair smelled of dust and sweat and the reek of black powder, and she pressed her fingers through it, whispering endearments that he did not hear, and listening to the sobs that seemed to wrench his body to pieces.

She could feel the heat of his tears soaking through the thin cloth and wetting her body, and she held him tighter, straining him against her, until they stopped at last. The racking shudders ceased, and presently he lay still.

The sky darkened above her, turning from green to a violent blue that was strewn with stars. The starlight and the thin moon made odd shapes out of the trees and the thickets and the tussocks of grass, and sometimes something rustled in the jungle or an owl hooted in the darkness.

Once, very far away, a barking deer called a warning that a tiger was passing, and once a *nilghai*, the wild blue bull of the jungles, crashed through the dense undergrowth not a dozen yards away. But Alex slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and Winter held him in her arms and watched the stars and was not afraid of the night noises or of anything else.

She thought once, fleetingly, of Lottie and Lou Cottar. They would think that she had lost her way or met with some accident. And Mrs. Cottar would not dare to call her name or show a light.

They would be frightened, but it could not be helped. Alex was asleep and she would not wake him even if she could.

His head was heavy on her breast and the weight of the arm that lay across her and pressed her down on the warm, dry grass seemed to increase with every breath she drew, while her own arm beneath him had passed from numbness to prickling pain. But she did not move except to hold him closer, her cheek against his hair.

Presently a breeze got up, a hot breath of wind that the river had cooled, until it blew pleasantly through the jungle with a sleepy, soothing, rustling sound, dispersing the mosquitoes and night-flying insects and lulling her at last into a sleep as deep as Alex's own. . . .

The sky was paling to the first light of dawn when Winter awoke and felt Alex move and draw away from her.

After a moment or two she opened her eyes slowly and sleepily, aware, despite the rough grasses below her and the numbness of her arm, of a feeling of miraculous restfulness and physical well-being.

Alex had risen and was standing beside her, his profile dark against the greying sky. He was not looking at her, and she lay and watched him, as the light grew and deepened and his features and the forest about him ceased to be flat silhouettes and became three-dimensional, emerging from the surrounding greyness and taking on form and shape.

As the sky brightened, she saw that the sleeves and breast of his torn coat were black with dried blood, and the sight brought her suddenly to her feet, clutching at his arm.

"Alex! . . . you're wounded!"

Alex turned his head slowly and looked at her, and her hand dropped from his arm. He said: "No. I'm all right."

"But you're covered in blood!"

"It isn't mine," said Alex in a flat, expressionless voice. "It's Niaz's. He's dead." He looked down at the stained, discoloured coat, and began to remove it, stripping it off slowly and with difficulty as though his muscles were stiff, and letting it fall to the ground.

He said: "I'm going down to the river. I shan't be very long. Stay here."

HE disappeared into the jungle, and Winter stood listening until she could not hear him any longer. She stooped and picked up his discarded coat. He would need it, and she could soak the stains out.

Alex returned at last. He had evidently bathed in the river, for he was clean again. The dirt and grime and powder stains were no longer on his face, and his hands and arms were free of dried blood.

He took the revolver and the bundle of clothing from Winter and said: "What have you done with Lou Cottar and Lottie? What were you doing out here last night?"

"They're all right . . . at least . . . at least I think so," said Winter, turning to follow him.

Alex appeared to know his way through these jungles for, despite the absence of paths and the fact that one tree or bamboo brake or tangled thicket looked exactly like the next to Winter, he walked ahead of her unhesitatingly, until suddenly the dark entrance of the *Hirren Minar* was before them.

There was no sound from the ruined building, and he groped in the gloom and found that the rope ladder had been withdrawn. He said softly: "Lou . . . are you all right?" There was a swift movement above his head as though someone had been standing there with held breath, listening, and a voice said: "Alex!" The rope ladder dropped, and two minutes later they were both in the upper room.

Mrs. Cottar said: "What happened to you? I thought——" She leaned against the wall and burst into tears.

Alex pushed aside the curtain that she had hung across the open archway and went out on to the flat roof outside. The sky was bright now, and the day already breathlessly hot.

He sat down on the crumbling parapet. There were things that he had to think about. They could not stay here indefinitely, but they could stay for a day or two; perhaps longer.

He noticed incuriously that the ruined roof had been swept clean. A man would not have bothered. The thought of the three women pressed like a heavy weight on his mind. Then he rejected it, turning tiredly away.

Winter came out on to the roof behind him. She was still wearing the blue cotton *sari* that she had worn last night. It revealed the slender beauty of her body. Her skin looked golden in the sunlight, and her black hair had blue lights

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Lottie looked at her baby and smiled weakly. "Take care of him, Lou," she whispered

One man's island kingdom

by JOHN ENNIS

Peter Wood took a risk and built tiny Herm into a business. Now his dream is beginning to pay

Wood, with Mrs. Lister, who runs a beach shop, and Jill Kendrick, from the gift store, looks across the sea to Sark from Herm, his island home

THE launch for Herm Island was leaving St. Peter Port harbour, Guernsey, on January 4, 1952, when a man shouted through a loud-hailer from the watchtower at the harbour mouth. Mrs. Jenny Wood, returning to Herm after a day spent shopping in Guernsey, heard the muffled voice say that a sea-mine was adrift in the three and a half mile channel between Guernsey and Herm.

Safely home half an hour later, Mrs. Wood told her husband, Major Peter Wood, about the mine. Wood rents Herm from the States of Guernsey and is responsible for everything within its shores as a park-keeper is responsible for his park. He warned the other families living on the island, telephoned Guernsey for more details, then stood on Herm's tiny granite pier, watching the mine float northward, parallel to the length of his island.

At dusk he was told that a party of naval bomb-disposal men would arrive in the morning. There was nothing else Wood could do, so he went home.

At nine o'clock, he was sitting in his house, a quarter-mile uphill from the harbour, when the mine, having changed direction, exploded against a rocky outcrop close to the harbour slipway.

Wood went from house to house to review the damage. In the Mermaid Tavern he saw on the counter an unspilled pint of beer, minus its handle. The handle was still in the grasp of the pint's owner. On the darts scoreboard a chalked figure three ended in a long downward wriggle, involuntarily drawn when the scorer, with the other customers, had been flung to the floor.

Nobody was hurt. But the mine struck at the only place on Herm where it could do much damage, at the nearest point to the island's biggest cluster of buildings. Windows were smashed, and roofs were blown from some of the houses.

The damage was assessed at £4,500. If he had to foot the bill, Wood knew that his dream of living on an island would be shattered. For forty-eight hours he was in doubt, trying to fortify himself against the prospect of once more earning his living in a city. With merciful speed, however, the States of Guernsey accepted the cost as a public liability.

Wood, a civil engineer, was managing a farm machinery business in Yorkshire in 1949 when he met the owner of Herm, who said that he wanted to sell the lease of the island, for which he paid a rent of £1,000 a year. Six weeks later Wood, then aged thirty-four, stepped ashore on Herm, the new owner.

Asked recently what he wanted to escape from, he replied: "I was tired of driving from a suburb into Leeds every day, with the same car in front and the same car behind. If you didn't do sixty miles an hour you were a nuisance, and every now and again you saw a car half-way up a telegraph pole." Apart from farm tractors and three small ten-mile-an-hour, three-wheeled motorized trolleys, he has banned motor transport on Herm.

When he first saw his island, Wood, who spent part of the war with Jugoslav partisans tearing up railway lines in German-held territory, made a military-style assessment of his problems. His aim was to make the island into a place where his and other families could live in normal comfort. To do this, he had to run Herm at a profit

"Out of the thousands of things to be done, I gave priority to five," he says. "They were water supply, rebuilding of houses, communications with Guernsey and within the island, a

Near to the White House Hotel, clergy gather during the annual pilgrimage from Guernsey to the Herm chapel

With five of their six children, Peter and Jenny Wood relax at home. Wood's aim was to make Herm an island where families could live in normal comfort

George Lister, Herm's accountant, and his family live at Belvoir Bay. He leaves his books to help in the snack bar at busy periods

stores organization to buy everything needed at wholesale prices, and, finally, development of the island's revenue-earning possibilities."

The previous owner had run the island as a holiday resort. Almost all the people on Herm were transient, seasonal workers, who deserted the island each autumn. The White House Hotel, which today accommodates seventy guests, then held only thirty-five. Cottages dotted about the island lay unused. Herm's only metalled road was deeply rutted, and the newcomers had to lay a new tar surface.

Helped by his brother Philip, Wood linked six existing wells with a reservoir, and put in a sand filter and distribution mains. They found a wet patch in a field called Frying Pan, and there dug up some crudely modelled hand-made land drainage tiles, possibly a hundred years old. Following these clues, they dug a well which now supplies enough water to meet all the island's needs.

Today, Herm's permanent inhabitants are Wood's employees and departmental managers, their wives (many of whom also work for Wood) and children.

Mindful of his ideal of a happy community, Wood chose them with care. Many were old friends. Others came in answer to advertisements for people with particular skills, though the skills were likely to be extended on the island. Stan Smith arrived as a bricklayer; he builds walls in the winter but spends the summer as barman in the Mermaid Tavern. Bill Roberts, once a publican, is barman in the hotel. He built his own cocktail bar and used the wood left over to make a new reception desk. George Lister, the island's accountant, said recently: "If there's a rush on the snack bar, I leave my books and help with the washing up."

As new families arrived from England, Wood had the cottages made serviceable and supplied with hot and cold water and electric light.

He paid nearly £2,000 for a twenty-ton cargo launch and a thirty-seven foot harbour launch, to carry passengers and bring in supplies. For a time the only emergency link with Guernsey was an Aldis lamp, and an arrangement that Wood's wife, a wartime wireless operator, would flash Morse messages to the watch tower at St. Peter Port. Today, Herm has a fully automatic radio-telephone system.

The States of Guernsey bought Herm from the Crown for £15,000 in 1946. Guernsey has since spent £30,000 on the island. From the 5s. boat fare paid by day trippers to Herm, Guernsey takes a levy. From this levy they pay Wood £3,000 a year towards the upkeep of the island.

WOOD has thousands invested in equipment for the hotel, the tavern, the farm and in stock for the gift shop. When he had set up his non-profit-making stores organization, which today stocks about a thousand items and has an annual turnover of £20,000, he settled down to turn his island into a business proposition.

"I took a hell of a risk; it nearly drove me round the bend, but it is beginning to pay off," he said a few weeks ago. "I reckoned from the beginning that it would be ten years before Herm paid a worthwhile dividend." Up to now he has put all profits back into the business.

Wood quickly discovered that he was faced in miniature with the problem of postwar British governments. Herm had to export or die. The island's basic industry is catering for tourists—seventy hotel guests a week and day trippers from Guernsey, of whom 80,000 landed last year. "We attract the money here," Wood says, "and the more of it we can keep in the island, the better."

To do this he is always seeking new industries which use raw materials found on the island. So far the two main money-spinners in the gift shop are shell jewellery and pottery. Herm has two long beaches composed entirely of about three hundred varieties of attractively coloured shells, believed to come over in the Gulf Stream and found nowhere else in Europe. Some of the families who work for Wood spend the winter turning the shells into necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings and figurines.

Mick Ray, who runs the gift shop and makes most of the pottery, used to write his wife day-dreaming letters from beleaguered Malta, visualizing a postwar cottage by the sea. Any romantic ideas he had vanished the day he landed on Herm. "It was a cold February day," he recalls, "and I saw Peter, the king of the island, unloading coal and digging drains."

Ray discovered clay on the island and an expert agreed that it would make excellent pottery. At first Ray felt that Wood was trying to dampen his enthusiasm for the new industry.

Asked about this recently, Wood explained: "When I first came here, I tried weaving scarves to sell to visitors. With a friend I invented a loom that enabled us to use a large amount of warp. To make this thing work, we went through all the heartbreaks that neolithic man must have suffered when he lived on this island. A month later, on a visit to London, I saw a replica of our machine in a shop; the shopkeeper told me it had originally been invented four thousand years ago.

"I didn't want Mick to invent pottery. I wanted him to go and be taught."

Ray did take a short course in pottery. His potter's wheel, though, is strictly of island design. In making it, Ray begged an African brass gong from his wife and fitted it around the wheel to catch the surplus clay. He fixed a heavy old cartwheel as a flywheel to keep the turntable spinning.

At first he threw his clay while turning the

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Mick Ray, island potter, at work on the wheel he made himself. The base is an African gong

Motorized trolleys collect stores when boats arrive from Guernsey. Wood has banned cars from the island

Pottery and shell jewellery are the main money-spinners in the gift shop

The Knight with the Sensitive Nose

by ***PHILIP MacDONALD***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

"Oh dear!" said Aurelius weakl

Aurelius had struck a mighty blow for chivalry. But a Doctor of Philosophy brawling. . . . No, this would never do

As he reached the gates, he turned to look back at the university's deserted grounds. The morning sun gilded the ivy-covered brick and struck emerald shimmers from the trim lawns. Above the chapel a clock chimed.

There was six feet three inches and thirteen stone of him, but his long, lean body looked awkwardly put together, as if the work of constructing him had been done in a hurry. He wore a dark suit too tight for him, and the sun struck glistening highlights from worn patches on elbows and knees.

It struck a highlight, too, from the main feature of his face, which was a nose, no ordinary nose, but a jutting, grandiose affair, like the battle-winning beak of a Wellington, which threw the rest of the mild-eyed scholarly visage into disproportion.

He gazed his fill and then turned and shambled away, out through the wrought-iron gates and along the road which wound through thickly wooded countryside.

He shambled because shambling was his natural gait, but this morning he shambled on air.

His name was Aurelius Brown, and the magic letters "Ph.D.," which for the last few months he had been entitled to put after it, were still etched into his mind in letters of fire. A week past his twenty-sixth birthday, he was now—hadn't the vice-chancellor just told him so?—a member of the faculty at Abingford University. He was—he, Aurelius Brown!—a fully-fledged lecturer in Romance languages.

He wanted to walk. He always walked when moved, even farther and faster than he walked when unemotional. And so, instead of striking back to the little town of Abingford, he found a woodland path going in the other direction and plunged along it.

A mile went by and the track grew narrower, the trees closer together. But Aurelius ploughed happily on until fate sent fluttering across his path a bird of a species he didn't know. It alighted on an oak high above his head.

A passionate spare-time naturalist, Aurelius wondered if the bird had a nest in the oak. He cast an experienced eye over the tree, leaped for a bough above him and, regardless of the dark suit, began to climb.

Then the bird flew away, so calmly that it was immediately apparent there was no nest there.

But by this time Aurelius was some way from the ground and, having his large feet planted firmly, he leaned back against the trunk, forgot the bird and surveyed the country spread out below him.

He noted, with a mild surprise, that a sunken road wound its way through the trees only a few yards from the rough track he'd been following. And then he saw something far more surprising—a girl, a young and shapely female, who lay upon the grass of the bank which sloped down to the road. Her gaily coloured dress showed up vividly against the greenness, and she lay upon her side, with her hands pillowing her face. She was asleep.

She made a charming addition to the landscape, and Aurelius wished he could see her face, hoping it was as beautiful as the rest of

as the girl and the white-haired man knelt by the burly body. They didn't speak, but looked up in bewilderment

her. Paralysed in the immediate presence of young femininity, he was, when alone, quite the cavalier.

He relapsed, up in his tree, into a practised and familiar daydream in which, armour-clad and charger-mounted, he did battle for the lady, routing her oppressors single-handed; after which, exhausted and faint from wounds, he was nursed by her back to health.

He had just reached one of the best parts—where the lady raised the visor of his helmet and, showing no surprise at all at the prominence of the nasal organ thus revealed, kissed him upon the lips—when the dream was shattered by the sound of an approaching engine.

He looked around and saw a car coming along the road. It was an old car, moving slowly in low gear. In front of it, oddly, was a man on foot, trotting. He was big and burly in a heavy grey sweater. A cap was pulled over his eyes. There was something menacing about him; something alien to the trees and the sunlight; and to the sleeping beauty.

But she slumbered on. And, seeing her, the trotting man halted, throwing up his hand in a signal. The car stopped and, turning back to it, the man said something to the driver—a smaller, hatless, white-haired male—and took something from the rear seat. His movements, Aurelius thought, were stealthy.

The man straightened, unfolding a dun-coloured blanket. . . .

Aurelius, staring, leaned outwards at a dangerous angle; and, when he saw the man throw the blanket completely over the girl and then stoop and sweep the shrouded bundle up into massive arms, he came down out of his tree with a crackling rush and a staggering slide down the bank which brought him face to face with the kidnapper.

He grabbed the fellow by the shoulder and tore him loose from his struggling burden with a wrench which sent him reeling back against the car. The girl lurched as the blanket fell from her. The man who had been driving the car climbed out of it and came running.

It was then that it was borne in upon Aurelius the staggering, the frightful realization that he had made a fool of himself. Because the girl, no doubt about it, was laughing. She seemed to be trying to tell him something, and so did the white-haired driver. They made such a noise that he couldn't understand them very well. But the one word "joke" told him all he needed.

It was all he had time for anyway, because Grey-Sweater straightened from crashing contact with the radiator and came striding towards him. The fellow was in a towering rage.

The girl said quickly, "Bert! Now hold it, Bert! Hold it!" But he cut her short and squared up to Aurelius. "Nah then, Boko," he said threateningly, "keep it outer other people's business, can't yer?"

As he spoke his right hand shot forward and a thumb and finger clamped themselves over Aurelius's nostrils and twisted painfully.

To students in psychology seeking an example of "conditioned reflex," the result of this action would have been illuminating, especially if they had studied the purgatorial history of Aurelius

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OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED • 2

In Britain's factories and workshops the craftsmen of tomorrow no longer make tea. They are learning the vital skills which will shape our new industrial revolution

Wanted: Apprentices for the Jet Age

by HARRY HOPKINS

I FOUND Brian Farthing, apprentice scientific instrument-maker, at his bench in Negretti and Zambra's prototype shop. Twenty, and getting towards the end of his time, he had now, said his foreman, George Brown, "the free run of the shop." He was at that moment, in fact, working on the diaphragms for the automatic pressure-switch which feathers the propellers of the Vickers Viscount turbo-prop airliner.

For now that the hall barometer is no longer an obligatory item in the furnishing of the British home, the celebrated firm of Negretti and Zambra, founded 106 years ago by two impressively bearded Italians, has turned all its old wizardry with temperatures and air pressures to the production of delicate control instruments, mechanical nervous systems which make possible the Jet and Atom Age.

One control, for instance, causes methanol to be injected into the cylinders of aero engines. Another, a flow meter, was devised for new jet airliners like the Comet to give the pilot an accurate minute-by-minute reading of "gallons gone" when fuel is being consumed at unprecedented speed.

New problems of control are constantly being brought to Negretti's experimental officers. When the Bristol Britannia, Britain's brilliant new contender for the Jet Age's long-distance airliner market, was being tested, it was found that, should a propeller for any reason fail, the turbine, suddenly freed from the load, might race to death. To avert this disaster, the pilot would have to cut out the jet within a fraction of a second. Now Negretti's is turning out an automatic over-speed switch designed to take this preventive action on the pilot's behalf.

Such tasks—among the technical keys to our age—demand the finest craftsmanship coupled with a true grasp of fundamental scientific principles. A firm undertaking them thus offers a fine training ground for the young engineers of tomorrow. In fact, to Negretti and Zambra's works in the Caledonian Road, Islington, come many more would-be apprentices than can be taken.

Brian Farthing was one of the lucky ones. At

Brian Farthing, apprenticed at Negretti's, makes a revolution counter. His foreman, George Brown, keeps an eye on the work

First year apprentices at work in the workshop of the De Havilland Aeronautical begin their five years' training with the aircraft firm. They may come from Eton

Edmonton Central School he had been good at metal-work; that had been the reason the headmaster, when leaving time came, had suggested an instrument-making career. Negretti's selection board had examined his drawings, scrutinized the specimens he brought from the school workshops, asked some penetrating questions. After the usual six months' probation, his indentures had been signed.

Today, one in every three boys leaving school in Britain becomes an apprentice. The apprenticeship system, the school of Britons for centuries, is being slowly made over to meet the challenge of the fifties.

Britain, it is being recognized, can no longer afford to leave her apprentices to pick up their crafts for themselves in the intervals of running errands and fetching the men's tea. Progressive industries are now developing networks of joint trading committees, standardizing and supervising apprenticeship education, and sometimes even forming a third party to the indentures.

Thus, though Negretti and Zambra will take boys from secondary modern schools without the General Certificate of Education for their first year until they're sixteen, they must go to the North London Day College half a day a week in the firm's time and two evenings in their own, till they pass the Royal Society of Arts (engineering section) exam.

Then, as they progress through the works, Brian Farthing and his fellow apprentices must appear at regular intervals before the firm's "Boys and Apprentices Board"—comprising the personnel officer, a trade union representative, and the senior foreman—which has before it reports on the boy's development, both at technical school and in the shops.

At eighteen, gaining confidence, Brian Farthing had entered for one of the Physical Society's craft competitions. He took a first prize, and the instrument he then made now stands with other prize-winning exhibits in the big glass case at the end of the shop. A microbarograph recording minute variations of barometric pressure, it took twelve weeks to make.

"But the finishing's the worst." The fine brass parts had to be gold-lacquered. "And," put in George Brown, the foreman, "the judges may take out the minute screws and test them for exact fit. Two-thousandths of an inch out can disqualify."

Delicacy of that order is fundamental to this craft. "With that instrument," said George Brown, as we looked over the glass case, "you can measure the pressure inside a soap bubble."

And now Brian Farthing and the apprentices of his year were already rising citizens in this intricate little world of ultra-precision, of tiny, insignificant instruments which are yet more delicate in their perceptions, more reliable in their reactions than any human being. Already he had the run of the shop. Later in the year would come the climax of his theoretical part-time studies at the Northampton Polytechnic in London, when he would sit for his Higher National Certificate.

After that? "Well, I could go in for the B.Sc. . . . but you have to be pretty good for that, and it takes a long time." For the moment, his ambition is to become a development engineer—and there are plenty of excellent precedents to show that it can be done.

In 1956, indeed, for any young man in Brian Farthing's position, the answer to the question "after that?" is exhilaratingly limitless.

When a boy wrote to the London County Council's Youth Employment Service recently to inquire about careers in inter-planetary transportation, he had to be told that as far as was known there were no vacancies at the moment. Yet, for the mechanically and scientifically minded young man of today, the haze of the steam age is now lifting to reveal in the new worlds of petrochemicals, electronics, atomic energy, and jet propulsion, a whole range of rapidly expanding mid-century industries offering prospects scarcely less exciting.

But though the new apprentices who will this September join the De Havilland Aeronautical Technical School in Astwick Manor will no doubt often have in their ears the high-pitched whine of the new Comet—piloted by test-pilot John Cunningham, a former De Havilland apprentice—as it takes off from Hatfield airfield, their five years' training will begin as ever with prosaic enough exercises in filing and the use of basic engineering tools.

Surrounded by trees and farmland, the school's spacious workshop, where the apprentice spends his first year, rises alongside the manor house. The hooter sounds for the end of the tea-break and the boys come trooping back to their benches. A few have B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. on the backs of their blue overalls, for De Havilland's trains some young men for the airlines, too.

Over on the sheet-metal work benches a boy is putting the finishing touches to a handsome fruit bowl, an exercise put in as an occasional relief from building up geometric shapes from the flat, from practising the meticulous art of airframe riveting.

Up in the junior drawing-office, the white-coated instructor, Mr. Stacey, is just starting a new batch of boys on draughtman's lettering. "No flourishes these days," he explains. "All

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Technical school at Astwick Manor, Hatfield. Here the boys or Dr. Barnardo's Home: "it's the job that matters above all"

Advanced electronics at the College of Technology in Birmingham. The boys are sandwiching their studies in between their normal apprenticeship at local works

Engineering apprentices do not need money to start: their ability is all that matters

A De Havilland apprentice does a riveting exercise on an aircraft spar section. The white-coated foreman inspects finished work

The drawing-room tapestries preserve the atmosphere of a stately home for the young students living in Castle Bromwich Hall

Brian Druce, a third year apprentice, studies blueprints by day. At night he is drummer of the Castle Bromwich Hall dance band

Boys on the G.E.C.'s "sandwich" course at Castle Bromwich Hall spend much of their spare time in the old coach houses. There they tinker with their venerable cars

lettering must follow the agreed standard pattern . . . for quick reading."

There are boys here from the public schools, from grammar schools, from secondary moderns, from the Commonwealth countries. Eton and Dr. Barnardo's rub shoulders in the easy comradeship of bench and lathe. All are now aspiring members of the great world fraternity of engineers—aircraft engineers. "To the boys," says William Blackburn, the supervisor, "it's the job that matters above all."

There has, in fact, been a quiet revolution here. Before the war, throughout the engineering industry, parents of would-be apprentices had to put down substantial premiums. You needed money to buy your way in. Now a boy's capacity is the thing that matters. For the less well-off parents a system of "special aptitude" grants, inaugurated in 1947, eases the way.

Though an apprentice's pay (starting at Hatfield at £2 10s. a week) is barely enough to cover the cost of living away from home today, if the boy or girl has the necessary ability to be accepted as an apprentice at De Havilland's or elsewhere, he may (if his father's income is not over £2,000 a year) draw through his local Youth Employment service a special aptitude grant which will fill the holes in his budget and leave a small margin over for his pocket. Last year in Britain 1,159 of these awards were made.

In the wide gallery above the school's workshop, a woodwork session is in progress. A white-coated instructor hovers over two boys chiselling out the dovetail joints of a toolbox. Not so long ago, in the days of wooden planes, apprentices spent a long time in this shop. Now—unless they're going to be jig-makers—they spend a month. In that month, each boy makes his own toolbox.

There's a school joke about these boxes. For if the joints fall short of the accuracy exacted by Mr. Fay, the woodwork instructor, the boy has to cut the joints off and start again. So that if, going round the works, you see an apprentice with a particularly short toolbox, you know that woodwork was not his forte.

The two boys working on the joints of their toolboxes are engineering apprentices, three-quarters of the way through their first year. They spend a day and an evening a week at the Hatfield Technical College—maths, workshop technology, materials, English, social studies. The social studies are included with the idea of ensuring that the boys do not disappear entirely into the specialized world of aircraft engineering; that they remain citizens as well as engineers.

What branch do they plan to specialize in later? The answer is decisive and unanimous. Design. They would like to be designers.

"Yes," says William Blackburn, "but you must remember that no one person ever really designs a whole aircraft these days. He just designs a small piece of it. It's a team job. That's why, when you come before the selection board, we sometimes ask you whether you enjoy working with other people."

These facts of life in the aircraft industry the boys would, in due course, have plenty of opportunity of discovering for themselves. In their second year they would begin to move around the various shops in the factory itself. In the third year, some measure of specialization starts. After a spell in the erecting shops, the design boys would move to the structural test laboratories, to the loft where blueprints are translated into templates, on to flight test.

"On the design side," Blackburn advised the two boys, "If you're very good at mathematics you may find yourself starting to specialize in

Continued on page 34

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Rebel in the pulpit

by KEITH ELLIS

From St. Paul's Cathedral Canon Collins fights for his beliefs. His sermons arouse anger and hit the headlines

As dignified Precentor of St. Paul's, Collins escorts Princess Margaret. When the fiery preacher was a Minor Canon he wore a top hat on Sunday mornings

CANON LEWIS JOHN COLLINS, Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, is probably the most controversial figure in the Church of England. His opponents look on him as misguided, self-seeking and as a mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. His supporters call him fearless, inspired and even prophetic. All agree that he is one of the few preachers who can pack St. Paul's.

A self-confessed rebel, he has used the pulpit of St. Paul's to denounce British snobbery, capital punishment, the manufacture of the hydrogen bomb, cashing in on the Coronation and political intolerance. He has blasted railwaymen who nearly went on strike when a Negro was raised in status, and the Archbishop of Canterbury who had been reported as saying in Nyasaland that though all men were equal in the love of God, they were not equal in the sight of God.

After he had called Dr. Malan, then South Africa's Premier, "a poor, wretched man, hagridden with fear," and had branded one of the apartheid laws as "a hideous outrage against human dignity," a South African business man offered him £500 expenses if he would visit the Union and find out the facts.

Collins accepted. For the first three weeks, he let his host fix all his appointments. Then he visited Johannesburg, Pretoria and Capetown. He met Church, Rotary and Chamber of Mines officials. He talked to trade unionists and members of the Department of Native Affairs. He dined with Oppenheimer, the diamond magnate. He met Indian and African leaders, and missionaries like Father Trevor Huddleston.

On his return home, he held a press conference. "South Africa," he said, "is as near a police-state as it is possible for a country to be which is not actually one."

His host was so annoyed that he threatened to complain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Collins admits: "I'd made him look a fool. I went out with an open mind as far as facts were concerned. But I had no intention of changing my principles. Racial discrimination is not permitted to a Christian."

TALL and slim, with black wavy hair and horn-rimmed spectacles, Collins looks considerably younger than his fifty-one years. As a canon residentiary of St. Paul's, he is responsible for taking the statutory services and the Sunday sermon for one month in every four.

He devotes the rest of his time to the affairs of Christian Action, a non-party, non-sectarian propagandist group of which he is chairman. Its primary aim is to bring religion into politics by working through existing organizations.

Casual about worldly things—he muddles appointments, forgets his money, ignores zebra crossings—Collins has great personal charm which immediately puts at ease the constant stream of visitors which flows through the office at his house at Amen Corner, near St. Paul's.

His nose prods the air, a boyish smile reveals his piano-key teeth, and his dark brown voice delivers the judgments of a cultivated intellect. Always busy, he is liable to say in the middle of a sentence: "I have an appointment now," and with exquisite tact he shows his visitor the door.

It is not only in South Africa that Collins has aroused opposition. His flair for the arresting phrase—he once drove a number of worshippers out of St. Paul's by quoting a Japanese doctor's description of H-bomb injuries—has led many people to accuse him of seeking personal publicity.

Newspapers have called him "the headline parson." His friend, ex-M.P. Ronald Simms, says: "He's inclined to rush off the handle when the Archbishop of Canterbury says something he disagrees with, and ring up the Press Association with a story."

His secretary, Freda Nuell, says: "Basically, he's an intellectual. Everything he says has a

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sound theological background. He thinks very deeply about every issue."

Since he is only one of four canons who, with the Dean, form the ruling body of St. Paul's, his influence on the Cathedral—which he once said was "like a piece of Victorian furniture without relevance to modern life"—is limited. But he has persuaded his colleagues to allow Free Churchmen, representatives of the Church of Scotland and even laymen—Sir Walter Elliott and Sir Richard Acland among them—to speak from the pulpit.

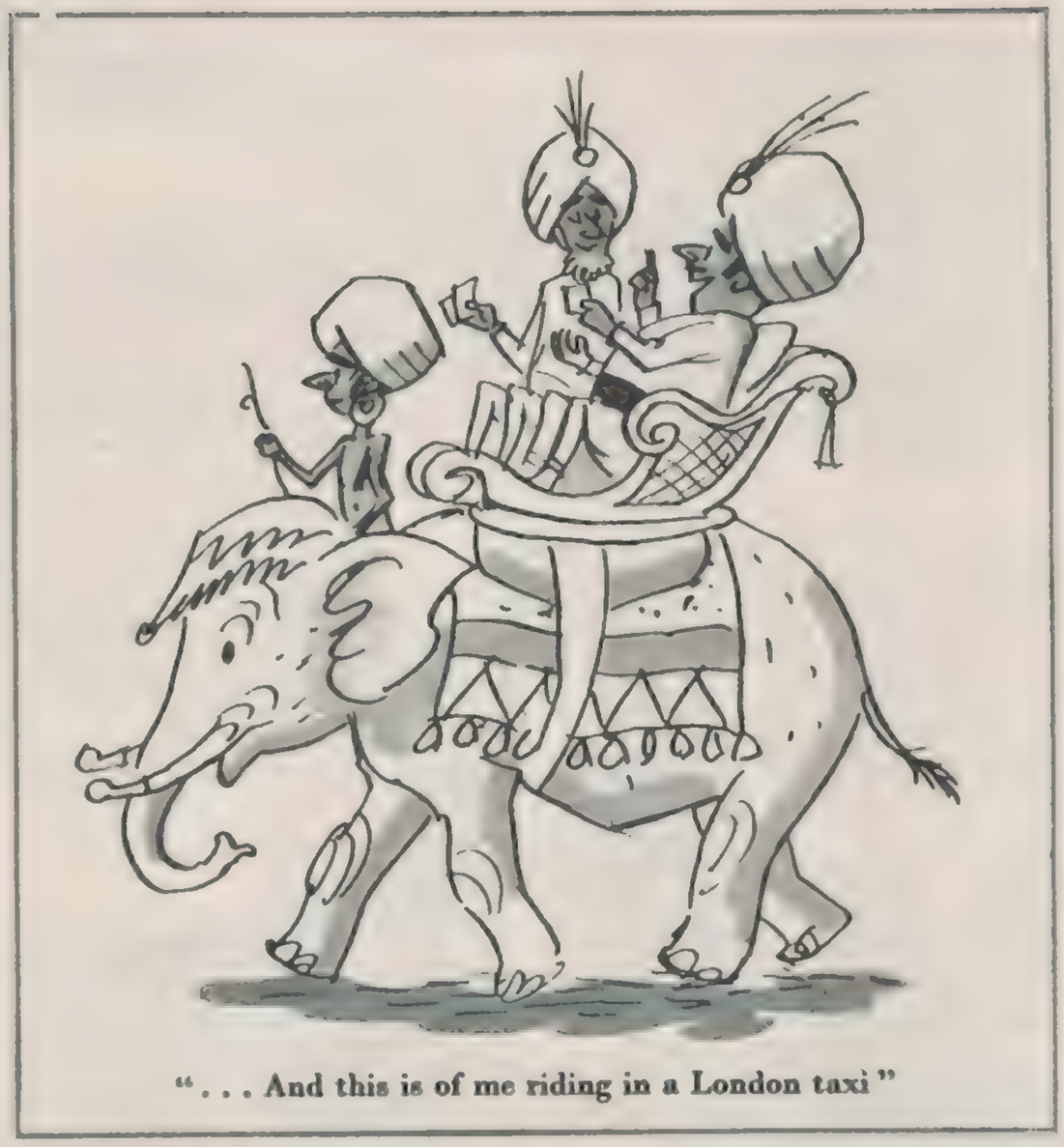
He also persuaded them to take the revolutionary step of allowing a woman—Lady Megan Lloyd George—to speak in the Cathedral. She was not, however, allowed to use the pulpit. A special platform was built.

Collins's personal approach is in complete contrast with his prophetic manner in the pulpit. When he took the full Cathedral choir on an eight-thousand-mile concert tour of the United States, he held regular meetings to hear grumbles.

Although unshakably against the colour bar, he refused both in America and Africa to cause incidents which could only be embarrassing to both sides. One day in New Orleans, he and his wife and Freda Nuell took a ferry across the river "just to say we'd crossed the Mississippi." Inadvertently, they found themselves standing in the section of the boat reserved for coloured people. Mrs. Collins and Freda Nuell crossed over to the white section. "Canon Collins followed us," says Freda Nuell, "but rather more slowly."

The son of a Hawkhurst, Kent, building contractor, Collins won an exhibition to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, from Cranbrook School. After "a year of pubs and cinemas," he scraped a third in mathematics. He then became sure of a vocation which he had previously felt only intermittently, took a first in theology and won the Carus Greek Testament prize. After two years at Westcott House, the Cambridge theological college, he was ordained and became a curate.

Returning to Sidney as chaplain, he took up with the Master the case of a hard-drinking young ordinand who had failed to pass his exams. The Dean wanted him expelled. Collins, at twenty-six, thought the young man was fundamentally sound. The ordinand was reprieved and is now a highly respected archdeacon.



"... And this is of me riding in a London taxi"

But Collins was told he had no future at the college. "If you win a battle with seniors, you lose personally," he says. "I stuck my neck out and got it chopped off."

Dean Inge, to whom a friend had introduced him, suggested he should apply for the vacancy of minor canon of St. Paul's. The main duties of the office were to lead the sung services and with the other applicants, mostly officials of provincial cathedrals, he had to undergo a long examination in singing, a subject about which he knew little. He was asked to start off an Evensong on the given note.

Collins was baffled. "Then," he recalls, "I had what I can only describe as an angelic visitation. The note sounded clearly in my ear." He was chosen after singing against two opponents. "I felt very proud of myself."

"Three years later," he says, "I learned that so long as I could sing in tune, the music-side had been given definite orders to choose me. The angelic visitation was the choirmaster. He'd sung the note in my ear."

He moved into a large house in Amen Court, furnished one room with an iron bed and a wardrobe and another with a carpet, a desk and an easy chair. After a month, a senior canon told him: "The dignity of St. Paul's requires that minor canons live in a proper manner." Collins had to borrow money from the bank to furnish the rest of his house. "It was just like Barchester in those days," he says.

Dean Inge got him two more jobs—priest-in-ordinary to the King and lecturer at King's College, London. He wore a frock-coat and top hat on Sunday mornings and gave the first sherry party ever held in Amen Court. "It was a gay and hearty life," he says, "and I was very comfortably off. But I was in the heart of the Church machine at its worst and I was getting nowhere spiritually."

After three years, he was offered the vice-principalship of Westcott House and although the stipend was much less than he had been getting in London, he took it "to get away from the racket." Under the influence of his pupils, he gradually abandoned his toryism for socialism and a belief that Christians should play an active part in politics. In 1938, he became the Dean of Oriel College, Oxford.

"I might well have drifted back into a professional clergyman-don type," he says, "but two things happened." One of the many undergraduates who came to ask him advice about their love affairs was Diana Elliott, who was reading English at Lady Margaret Hall. In 1939 they married.

The second thing was the war. In 1940, Collins joined the R.A.F. As senior chaplain of a five-thousand-strong training camp at Yatesbury, Wiltshire, he decided that the Church of England, with its attendances of ten to fifteen at Sunday communion, "had no relevance to the life of the camp."

To remedy this and to confront a well-organized group of left-wing atheists, he formed a Church fellowship, one of whose rules was "to try to make the social, political and economic implications of the Gospel effective in local and national affairs." Attendance at communion gradually rose to 250.

Collins next secured Archbishop Temple, the Moderator of the Free Church Council, Miss Barbara Ward, Sir Stafford Cripps and the Dean of Canterbury to give talks. The air marshal in command of training ordered their cancellation on the grounds that they were introducing politics. Collins threatened to tell the press if he persisted. The air marshal rescinded his order.

When the brass hats ordered Collins to cancel a talk by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Maisky, he again refused. This time he received a message from the air marshal which read: "Jolly good show, padre. But for goodness sake be careful."

At the end of the war, the Chaplain-in-Chief decided to post him to India. "I'd volunteered for overseas when I first joined. Having been stuck in England all through the war, I had no intention of going to India now it was over. I went to Archbishop Temple and asked him to pull strings to get me out as quickly as possible." Shortly afterwards, he was demobbed.

"In the R.A.F.," he says, "I learned never to compromise. If you act according to principle, you can stand up to anyone."

Back at Oriel, Collins formed a fellowship of undergraduates on the lines of the Yatesbury fellowship. Out of this grew Christian Action.

In 1948, probably at the suggestion of Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Attlee asked Collins to become a canon of St. Paul's. "Stafford told me that Christian Action ought not to be confined to Oxford and that the pulpit of St. Paul's would make an excellent sounding-board. So I accepted."

As a canon, his salary is £1,000 a year with a centrally-heated nine-roomed house where he lives with his wife and four boys. He gets nothing from Christian Action. For economy, he recently sold his 1929 Rolls-Royce so that he could buy a small family car.

His tendency to put personalities above party politics has occasionally landed him in trouble. At the last General Election, Ronald Simms, who was Conservative candidate for East Willesden, asked him to speak on his platform.

Collins refused but sent him a letter in which he stated: "I do hope most sincerely that you will be elected. It is because I have always found you giving us unstinted support in our work for better race and colour relations in Africa and at home, as well as because of my regard for you personally, that I offer you my support."

Simms issued the letter to the press. Three papers ran front-page reports. "I didn't get in but the letter certainly helped," says Simms. Collins comments sorrowfully: "It was a private letter. I didn't intend it for publication."

THE END

Sharp eye for birds

Continued from page 17

and raised on a bench so that the peephole in the canvas was level with the nest. Mountfort approached the hide with a friend, who pinned the tent flap tightly shut from the outside. If the canvas ruffled in the breeze it might disturb the birds.

The friend walked away then and Mountfort was left alone inside. "Birds can't count," he explains. "If two men approach a hide and one goes away, they think both have gone."

For two hours Mountfort sat motionless while the birds got used to the camera lens thrust through the peephole. He clicked the shutter to make sure the noise did not frighten the birds. His reward was natural pictures of the shrike family at feeding time.

Interference from humans and animals is a constant hazard to bird-watchers. One day in the swampland of the Camargue, in France's Rhône estuary, Mountfort set up a hide near the nest of some black-winged stilts. After five hours of fruitless waiting he suddenly discovered that he was surrounded by wild fighting bulls.

"They pawed the earth five feet away from the hide, but they got bored after two hours and went away. So did I."

Mountfort has studied birds since he first entered the advertising business in Paris as a young man. One morning in 1937 he had his binoculars fixed on a nest of blue-headed wagtails on the bank of the Seine near St. Germain when a farm worker came to demand what he was doing.

The explanation did not satisfy the Frenchman and he returned soon after with a red-bearded gendarme, furious because he had been dragged out of bed at 5 a.m. When he saw that Mountfort's binoculars were pointing towards the heavily guarded St. Germain garrison across the river he arrested him as a spy. Three hours later, Mountfort telephoned the French Minister of Agriculture from the police station and got his release. The Minister was also a bird-watcher.

Mountfort became a lieutenant-colonel during the war, and served on all fronts, including the Pacific, as an Allied liaison officer. He was often up at dawn in the battle areas to watch for rare birds.

He found that other soldiers took their thoughts off the fury of war by bird-watching. At Caserta, in Italy, he was out before breakfast one morning in a vineyard when he met a U.S. major-general stalking the same hoopoe bird among the vines.

The freemasonry among ornithologists is extraordinary, he says. Last January he addressed the first ornithologists' congress of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Leningrad. Pleading for more exchange of information between the two countries, Mountfort told the four hundred Russians: "Birds don't pay heed to iron curtains. They fly over them. We must have the same freedom." The applause was deafening.

Mountfort lives in Woldingham, Surrey, with his wife and two grown-up daughters. Feeding tables, containing bread crumbs and a can of water, are scattered over his three-acre garden for the birds. Every weekend he has twelve wire-netting bird traps in operation. He rings the captives with small silver bands marked with a serial number and the request, "return to British Museum."

Often these ringed birds have been retrieved in Holland and Belgium. One flycatcher was caught in Portugal just four days after Mountfort released it from his garden.

As an army officer, business man and ornithologist Mountfort estimates that he has travelled 500,000 miles. The enthusiasm that has made him watch birds every mile of the way shows no sign of waning. The Russians invited him to bird-watch in Outer Mongolia, and he is keen to go.

Mountfort claims he can enjoy birds wherever he is. At the height of the battle at Cassino he heard skylarks singing. From his office he has seen a peregrine falcon pitch down among the terrified starlings at Somerset House.

On a recent Atlantic crossing Mountfort saw a flock of starlings fly over the ship. New York was four hundred miles behind. The birds were still flying strongly for England.

"It was an unusual sight, and, for me, the highlight of the voyage," says Mountfort.

THE END

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Opportunity unlimited

Continued from page 28

aerodynamics. Or you might become a stressman, or a draughtsman-designer."

Such is the way ahead for the engineering apprentices who normally start a year later than the craft apprentices, and who must hold the General Certificate of Education (with mathematics, physics or other adequate science, English and at least three other subjects).

For the first year both classes of apprentices work together on a more or less common course. But from the second year onwards the engineering apprentices specialize in some branch —Design, Production, Servicing— which will give them the background later to occupy executive posts in the industry; while the craft apprentices go on to qualify as highly skilled workers in their chosen craft, the backbone of the industry.

Yet, again, there are today no rigid barriers for the boy with the necessary ambition and talent. If a craft apprentice can succeed in taking the Ordinary National Certificate, he can be transferred, at eighteen, to engineering apprenticeship "if"—to quote William Blackburn—"we feel he's made the grade by his own efforts and is worthy of recognition. It's something a lot of boys strive for."

In Britain's rapidly expanding engineering industries today there are, in fact, not one, but several ladders of opportunity. All can lead to the top. Just as the boy who fails to get to the grammar school can later climb from the craft to the engineering apprenticeship ladder, so the grammar schoolboy who just fails to make the university can now, leaving school at the age of eighteen, enter industry on a "sandwich course," alternating six months on the shop floor with six months at technical college till he takes his professional qualifications.

This sandwich plan, now rapidly expanding, seems likely to become the cornerstone of the new £97 million structure of technical education and training set out in a recent government White Paper.

"You see," explained nineteen-year-old Alan Thomas, green-overalled sandwich apprentice at the General Electric Company's great Birmingham plant, "under the old system of one day's release a week for technical college study, one was rather apt to look on that day as—well—sort of a day off from work. But now, with six months' studying at the college at a time, you really can get stuck into it."

The new plan, now being urgently pressed ahead by the government, looks towards the building up of a vast, many-sided technological "university within industry." Already, within the gigantic G.E.C. organization, with its many plants up and down Britain and the world, something like this is being achieved.

The General Electric Company's sandwich apprentices at the great Witton works live, for their first two years, at Castle Bromwich Hall, the stately sixteenth-century home of the Earls of Bradford, set among quiet fields and lanes on Birmingham's eastern outskirts. They eat in a fine oak-panelled high-roofed hall, looking out over spacious lawns. They con their engineering textbooks in the library, take their ease around the handsome fireplace in the great drawing-room, hung with magnificent tapestries.

The old archery court that stretches below the Hall is excellent for basketball and cricket. The whole place has, indeed, something of the atmosphere of an Oxford or Cambridge college, and is run, as a community, on similar lines.

There is a students' journal, a noticeboard full of club announcements, a dance band ("a bit corny sometimes, perhaps, but we don't believe in importing our music") and an apprentices' association, with a badge which features a horse transfixed by lightning flash and a Latin motto. From time to time the apprentices' association arranges reciprocal visits to associations at other great works around Birmingham like Dunlops, I.C.I., Austins, thus usefully extending its members' industrial knowledge.

Four major parties are given at the Hall each year, and on the nearest Saturday to Midsummer Day the apprentices stage and act a classical play on the lawns in front of the great mass of rhododendrons. This year they're putting on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But, Shakespeare or no, the new tenants of the Earl of Bradford's ancestral home remain engineers at heart. The delicate scent of the rose gardens around them cannot efface the more intoxicating smell of oil in their nostrils.

Cross the courtyard, push open the door of the old coach house—and you are confronted by an astonishing huddle of venerable motor-cars in all stages of dismemberment. There are 1923 Austin Sevens, ponderous old Armstrong-Siddeleys with holes gaping where their engines should be, ancient square-nosed Morrises, besides veterans so extensively cannibalized as to defy classification.

Many first- and second-year sandwich men spend a large part of their spare-time on this labour of love in the old coach houses. They scour Birmingham for these ancient crocks, put their money together to buy them for a few pounds, then, taking them home in triumph, go happily to work for months, stripping them down, building them up, testing their engineering prowess in their rehabilitation.

Each morning, not long after seven o'clock, a curious cavalcade of hybrid and vintage cars, motor-bikes, bicycles, and a special bus erupts from the back gates of the Hall to make once again the swift daily transition from aristocratic sixteenth-century calm to the vast roaring works at Witton, where 11,500 workers build heavy electrical gear to equip the power stations and factories of the world.

These days Alan Thomas, who reached Witton via the sixth form at Bedford Modern, and Peter Lansdown, who comes from Merchant Taylors', report to the "rotary" Test House where they help the staff testers to wire up generators on test, take the regular readings of machines on "six-hour heat test" and generally make themselves useful.

This is their third year, when the sandwich boys spend five months or so moving around the various test departments. A stage in their training, this: for it means they now know enough to be trusted, in some degree, with costly machinery. And, some time or other during the period, there generally comes a lonely spell on night shift: a test for the metal of apprentices as well as of machines.

Another third year sandwich apprentice, Brian Druce from Maesteg —the drummer in the Hall's dance band—is engrossed in the details of a blueprint. He is preparing to go back to his native Wales to help in the erection of a new motor for the "two-stand temper-mill" at the tinplate works at Velindre. The tinplate tears through at 4,500 feet a minute and so, explains Brain Druce happily, the motor has a "very complicated control system." He returns to his poring over the blueprint.

On this six-month slice of their five-year course which is being taken at the works, the sandwich apprentices go two evenings each week to "tutorial classes" in order to keep their hand in for the resumption, in the next six-month slice, of their academic studies

VIRTUE—1

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing it.

David Starr Jordan

"Pop up and tell Mrs. Jones that we've come back"

at the fine new College of Technology in Birmingham.

But before then, in September, they'll pass another landmark when they appear before G.E.C.'s Appointments Panel which guides them in making their choice of five possible lines of advance in the firm or the industry: Research and Development, Design, Production Management, Technical Sales, Erection and Maintenance.

So far Alan Thomas has been inclined to favour Erection and Maintenance. "That way," he says, "you won't get too deeply into a rut—as you can in a workshop sometimes."

Peter Lansdown's mind has been running over the possibilities of work and travel overseas. "You only have to look at the destinations written on the machines that come through the shops," he says. Brian Druce still finds himself torn between rival enthusiasms. "I find my appetite is being whetted all the time."

One thing is certain: none of them is likely to lack opportunity. G.E.C., like most of Britain's great engineering concerns, has unfilled vacancies for professional engineers in all departments. These young men, in fact, could not have chosen a better moment to enter the field. In somewhat more than two years from now, when their apprenticeship ends, they may well be among the first of Britain's sandwich students to receive the new "Dip. Tech.(Eng.)" whose details are now being worked out by a committee under Rolls-Royce's chairman, Lord Hives.

And the arrival of "Dip. Tech. (Eng.)" represents so much more than just a diploma; it represents a new attitude.

It means that, compelled by urgent economic necessity, we are at last beginning to put a true value on the engineering skill and genius on which the prosperity of Britain was so largely built. It means that, despite oily hands and collars not always quite white, the engineers and technologists are coming into their own at last.

In the meantime, our survival as a great industrial nation is in their hands. But they are strong and able hands—and now more are coming up fast behind them.

NEXT WEEK: Training for industrial atomic energy

One man's island kingdom

Continued from page 23

cartwheel, below the bench, with his foot. Later he fixed a pulley system to an electric motor to provide a friction drive against the cartwheel. Before he had time to order a rubber tyre for the friction drive, Wood found one cast up by the tide. He tried it on the wheel. It was a perfect, tight fit.

Mrs. Pat Lister, wife of George Lister, the accountant, found Wood cautious when she asked for deck chairs to hire from her beach shop at Belvoir Bay, on Herm's east coast. "We have dry sand, nobody wants deck chairs," he said. Mrs. Lister insisted, so he bought twelve chairs. "Charge a shilling for them, either for a day or for half an hour," he ordered.

The twelve chairs were used every day that summer. The next year he spent £70 on deck chairs and got the money back in the first season.

There is no post office on Herm. Visitors put their letters into a barrel nailed to a tree, and Wood's employees take them to Guernsey for posting. To cover the cost of this service, Wood issued a set of stamps showing scenes from the island's past. Selling sets of stamps to philatelists has become a minor source of income.

Some of Wood's efforts to increase Herm's revenue have ended in failure. He paid £100 to import a tractor of unusual design to pull an ice-cream kiosk. When he and his brother tried to drive the tractor it behaved so erratically that Wood told Philip: "Drive it into the sea." Philip kept it for a museum piece.

Wood made a mistake when he opened a restaurant on the rather isolated northern end of Herm. "Waitresses in full bib and tucker wasted most of their time hanging about," he says. "It was uneconomic."

He feels that his greatest success has been the creation of a happy community on Herm. He holds interdenominational services each Sunday in a small chapel. Almost half the island's population of forty are children (Wood has six) and those of school age attend a school run by a teacher supplied by Guernsey. Younger children are taught by Mrs. Peggy Muttock, wife of the island's farm foreman.

PETER WOOD is impatient of people who speak of him as "King Peter." Nevertheless, he is undisputed boss on Herm, maintaining his position with an easy manner that makes people feel that on some wartime dossier he was almost certainly marked down as "a born leader of men."

Last February he decided to hold a fire drill. He telephoned Theresa Hepworth, receptionist at the White House Hotel, and told her that two rooms at the rear of the hotel were alight. Acting on instructions, she ran out banging a stick on a dustbin lid. Most of the islanders cheated a little by gathering in one cottage and drinking coffee while waiting for the alarm they knew was about to come. This brought them quickly to their stations.

On a steep hill the fire trailer ran away with its four handlers. Mick Ray, pounding along in his position on the front handle, glared at Wood who was running easily alongside.

"You might help," he panted.

Wood refused.

Later he explained, "I wanted to see if four people could manage it, or if it needed six. Obviously, it needs six."

All Herm residents say they work harder than they did in their jobs in England. Philip Wood once bought a motor-boat with the idea of taking it out of earshot and lying in the sun. "I never got time to crank the engine," he says ruefully.

Mrs. Maureen Corboy, the schoolmistress, was astonished when she first arrived. "You live on an island, but you don't live like islanders," she said. "You all dash out to work on the dot of nine each morning."

Wood said recently: "Eventually we hope to change that situation. But Mrs. Corboy, after a year or two here, doesn't live much like an islander either."

THE END

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The Trinidad treasure

Continued from page 11

conceal it. A couple of hours ago the police had received a call from an old man in Trinidad—one Varona, whom they knew as a crank—who said that a stranger had arrived in town to rob him; had called at his house, in fact, pretending to be a writer. The local police, the old man said, were untrustworthy.

Molina had intended to ignore the message, but now he wasn't sure.

"How long has Tio been there?" he asked Amelia.

"He would have arrived this morning."

"To stay for some time, I suppose?"

"No, he returns early tomorrow."

Amelia misinterpreted the captain's interest as being directed towards her. He had tried to date her before, and since she had just indicated that she had an evening alone, she expected him to extend an invitation, perhaps to a night club, after restaurant hours. It would serve Tio properly if she should accept; and she was naturally indignant when the captain failed to give her the opportunity to say either yes or no.

"Well, I must resume the weary round of duty," he said, giving her a bland smile, and departed.

This abrupt departure did not, in fact, indicate any lack of interest in Amelia. Molina was thinking that with Tio behind bars the occasions for entertaining Amelia would be multiplied. This prospect added flavour to his mission as he took the police seaplane to Trinidad Harbour. . . .

In the meantime, Tio, in Sam's taxi, had arrived in the little town that morning, bouncing down a cobbled street, and halting in a square where Cortés had once reviewed his forces for the conquest of Mexico. Since that historic day, the town had waxed and waned. But now the once rich and busy port was idle; the sugar mills were closed; the vast plantations of coffee and tobacco were gone.

THERE were left only a cluster of sun-baked little houses on a mountain slope, small formal parks with marble urns and tall, green-plumed royal palms; and a dozen *palacios*—the homes of the old *hidalgo* families, with their once-beautiful patio gardens now crumbling into dust.

No worshipper of the past, Tio nevertheless had a sense of this tattered glory as he walked along the sun-drenched stones to the Palacio Varona.

The *palacio* was a square, one-storey building of a faded blue, surrounding a patio. The entrance was a large double door of cedar, studded with iron. There were iron-grilled windows running from floor to ceiling, a distance of sixteen feet. The walls were three feet thick, for coolness as well as strength, made of clay mixed with rocks, and then plastered and painted.

An aged Negro woman admitted Tio into the hall, which was cool and dark after the blazing sun outside.

Varona, Joan's uncle, padded out in black felt slippers—a bald, lumpy man with suspicion etched on his face, aggravated by his near-sighted, peering eyes. He greeted Tio in Spanish with a cold courtesy, but Tio replied in English. He was an American writer, he said, doing an article on the old houses of Trinidad. Would it be possible to look over the house?

Varona regarded him silently, plucking at the loose skin of his throat. "There's nothing to see," he said finally. "I live simply, because there are many thieves."

"It's a type of house very interesting to Americans," Tio replied. "I merely wish to see the arrangement and style of the rooms."

"Very well."

He led Tio through the rooms around the hollow square of the patio, passing the kitchen in the rear, where the old slave entrance was located, to which Tio had a key. A path led from there across the patio to the front door.

"As you see, there is nothing here," Varona said. "Nothing that anyone would want to have. But I have written a description of it, as it was. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, I would."

"I will get it for you."

He disappeared through the rooms off the hall. Tio took a quick look at the arched doorway. On the inside, the wall was all of the same colour and smoothness; there was no tell-tale spot where the plaster might have been removed and renewed.

It was more likely that the hole would have been cut on the patio side, where the surface was rough, and the weather would shortly make any new spot indistinguishable from the original.

He stepped into the patio to inspect the wall from the other side: there was one spot that had a crack in it, as if perhaps the masonry was not so strong at that point. It was almost hidden by a bush.

He was about to push the bush aside when a movement, caught by the corner of his eye, warned him. Varona was standing at one of the windows, watching. His nervous rabbit's eyes had become hard and suspicious.

"How well this house is built!" Tio remarked when Varona returned.

"Too well for anyone to break into," said the other, coldly.

He handed Tio a manuscript and escorted him to the door, in an obvious desire to expedite his departure. Tio returned to the car, where Sam was catching up on his sleep. There was a whole afternoon before them, with nothing to do—a situation in which Sam would certainly get drunk—so Tio decided to drive to the port, several miles out of town, where they might pass the time messing about with a boat. . . .

Shortly before eight, as dusk was falling, Tio went to the church across the little park from the Palacio Varona, and watched until Joan and her uncle left. Then, in an uninhabited street behind the mansion, he unlocked the door that led to the kitchen. He had with him, wrapped in a newspaper, a wooden mallet and a crowbar.

He crossed the patio, in a luminous grey light from the starry sky. The house itself was dark. On the outside of the arched doorway that gave entrance to the hall he began to tap the wall with his mallet, listening to the response.

Near the crack which he had seen in the afternoon there was an unmistakable change of sound. He set the point of the crowbar there and hammered it. The masonry yielded slowly until he penetrated far enough to use the bar as a lever, breaking off a chunk.

He sank the bar in again—and suddenly it slipped through. His heart jumped. At this point the massive wall was only a shell four inches thick. He dug out a little more until he could shoot a flashlight beam into it.

Yes, there was a metal box squatting there—about eighteen inches long by twelve wide and six high.

Tio stared at it for a moment with a triumphant smile. It was true. The clue had worked. The gold must be there—he could almost feel it slide through his fingers.

He was trying to widen the hole when he heard a thud on the ground behind him and, as he wheeled with his flashlight, he saw a stone roll into the shrubbery.

He stood still for a second, on guard, and then guessed that it might be a warning—that Joan must have thrown it. Grabbing his tools, he ran down the patio path towards the slave quarters.

He reached the ancient well-head, rising three feet from the ground and covered with vines, just as he heard the front door open. He barely had time to toss his tools down the well and drop behind it. A flashlight shot down the path and swayed to right and left. Then the hall light was switched on and, peering through the vines, Tio saw Captain Raoul Molina, with a gun in his hand.

IN an instant what had been merely a promising adventure had become a dangerous trap.

Crouched tensely behind the well-head, Tio saw two other people enter behind Molina, and heard with relief Joan's voice saying unusually loudly: "You go through the rooms, Captain, and I'll take a look at the back."

Without waiting for Molina's reply, she started down the path. Molina turned into the hall on the left. Under cover of Joan's approach Tio slipped into the kitchen — barely in time, because Molina, changing his mind, had returned to the patio.

Tio whispered to Joan: "Meet me in the church across the park if you can."

As he went out the rear door, he heard her call to Molina: "Nothing here, and the rear door's locked."

He locked it after him, dropped the

TWO VIVID SHORT STORIES BY BRILLIANT AUTHORS

Phyllis Bentley's

LOVE AND MONEY

Rich young Walter Egmont was quite a catch. And Lavinia caught him. Yes, she was pretty, but not out of quite the same social drawer.

Charles Terrot's

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

At last the Morvens were moving—into their dream cottage and a disaster they did not suspect. Only the old colonel could help them.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

key in a bush nearby and walked to the church, deserted now and dark. He waited there for about half an hour. It would have been wiser to leave Trinidad at once, since the police were now aroused, but he disliked the idea of giving up before he knew what had happened.

From the dark portal of the church he could look across the park to the Varona *palacio*, and he saw Joan slip out of the front door and glide hurriedly through the palm trees towards him. She ran up the steps of the church and almost bumped into him with a startled gasp. She pulled him back into the darkness and caught her breath for a moment before speaking.

"Listen, Tio; I have only á minute," she whispered. "That police officer is talking to my uncle. Somehow he knows you are here, and he's going to arrest you. You must leave at once."

"Yes. Did he find anything?"

"Yes. He found the hiding place. Oh, Tio, it's all for nothing. He broke open the wall, and there was a metal box. My uncle almost went crazy. But the box was full of stones."

"Of stones!" Tio was really shocked. No man should play so grim a joke upon his fellows.

"Perhaps my grandfather did it to mock those who hunt for treasure—or as a lesson to me, to teach the folly of money. I do not know. Anyway, we can't talk about it now. Goodbye, Tio. I'll call you in Havana."

She was gone, flitting across the plaza. Tio stood for a moment, weighted with disappointment, then shrugged his shoulders and set off down the street to find Sam.

There was only one road out of town. Sam's taxi jerked its way over the cobblestones to the point where the road began. Tio was looking forward to the comfort of a paved highway, when he saw, ahead of them, the jeep of the rural guard blocking the road.

Two men in khaki uniforms came up on either side of the car and flashed a light on their faces. Then one got into the rear and ordered Sam to drive back to the local police station.

Captain Molina was waiting for them, a gleam of malicious pleasure on his face.

"Why, Tio!" the captain cried. "How do you happen to be in Trinidad?"

"Well, we came just for the day," Tio replied, trying to keep the meeting on a social basis. "How do you happen to be here, Captain?"

"I came because you did."

"What a pity we didn't meet sooner," Tio said. "You might have gone fishing with us. Now we are about to leave. But these men sent us back."

"I didn't want you to leave without at least exchanging a few words," the captain said reproachfully. He nodded to a policeman. "Search him!"

"May I ask why we are being investigated?" Tio inquired.

"For breaking and entering, with intent to steal," the captain answered crisply.

"You are misinformed, Captain."

"No. This morning you called on Señor Varona, the Marqués de la Rivera. After looking the place over, you went back this evening. True, you got nothing. But at least you tried."

"There must be some mistake in identity, Captain. We were fishing. You can check with one Manolo at the dock."

"Well, we shall check it shortly when the marqués identifies you," Molina said, yawning. "Lock them up for the night," he ordered the policemen.

The clang of the cell door meant nothing to Sam, who spent a few nights

VIRTUE—2

Virtue consists, not in abstaining from vice, but in not desiring it.

George Bernard Shaw

. . What a suggestion! My mummy *always* uses gas to boil her whites — my whites, too, for she knows that boiling-by-gas kills any germs in nappies or handkerchiefs.

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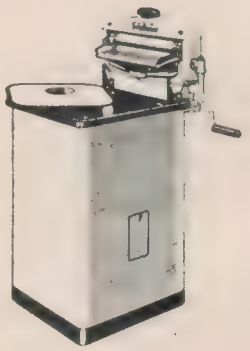


GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

in jail every year, mostly for brawling, and who had never found that it did him any harm. Tio had heard it before, too, once or twice. But now it had an ominously final ring; for it was much worse to fall from virtue than to fall from vice.

He would certainly be charged and convicted. Varona would identify him; he would not be able to account for the evening; there would be this bit of evidence and that. He would get a year, perhaps; no less.

The underworld would smile and welcome him back, and never again take him seriously as a restaurant keeper. Amelia—ah!—Amelia, deceived and broken-hearted, might look elsewhere for a better husband. And all this mass of misfortune followed from an undertaking that had been lost from the beginning, since there had never been any treasure at all.

While Sam snored in the cell next door, Tio sat on the wooden shelf that served as a cot and chewed the bitter bread of defeat.

In a small recess in the wall was the only item of interest in the cell—a Bible—placed there by the local priest in the hope, sometimes fulfilled, that men in their dark hour might be ready for redemption. It was not piety that moved Tio to examine it, however. He wished to check on the quotation that had precipitated this whole enterprise. He had never actually read it himself. It had occurred to him that a stern moralist like Joan's grandfather would not use the Bible to mislead.

What he found was extremely interesting. He was reading it a second time when the jailer stamped down the corridor and threw open both cells. "You're released," he said. "No charges."

Sam was rocking on his feet. Tio blinked.

"You heard me," the jailer said. "Go on back to Havana."

Tio pushed Sam ahead of him out to the car. He did not know what had happened, but when the luck changed like that the wise man grabbed it and asked the questions later.

But there was one thing he wanted to do before he sucked in the sweet air of freedom on the open road. The Varona *palacio* was two blocks away.

He told Sam to stop for petrol at one of the pavement pumps. It was midnight. The houses were asleep; the *palacio* was dark; the back street, with its piles of rubble, was deserted.

This was the last gamble; the bold, the unexpected venture that the weak in spirit never made; the stroke that wins. He found the iron key in the bush without difficulty and went inside. It took him only three or four minutes to do what he had to do. Then he and Sam drove through the night without mishap to Havana.

He slept at the Mosca during the day and emerged to take over the bar at supper-time. Harried with work, Amelia was short in her greetings. He had no chance to report to her on his trip.

The phone rang. "Are you all right?" Joan's voice inquired.

"Never better," Tio said. "Are you the one who got me out of jail?"

"Yes. When Molina came to tell my uncle of your arrest, I said that you were innocent—that I had done it. I told him the whole story—except your part of it—and showed him my grandfather's message. He said that since no harm had been done, and since I had a moral right in the matter, the police would forget it."

"You are quite a girl," Tio said. "You deserve a reward."

"I'm afraid that there are no rewards for either of us."

"Oh, but there are," Tio said. "Tell me where you are. I have to see you."

She gave him her hotel room number. He hung up and took a paper bag from beneath the counter. "A girl wants to see me," he informed Amelia calmly. "I'll be back soon."

Joan was waiting for him.

"You should read your Bible verses more carefully, señorita," Tio told her. "You left out the last sentence. It said: 'And when I had digged in the wall, behold a door.' So I went back. And in the floor of the hole there was a metal door, covered with dust."

"No! Oh, Tio, how clever you are. Go on. What then?"

"What then? There were five hundred Cuban gold eagles, worth twenty dollars apiece." Tio lifted the paper bag and poured the golden hoard upon the table. Joan watched him, speechless.

"I kept fifty of them, as you said I might," Tio said.

Joan flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. "You are a wonderful man, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"You deserve it. I think your grandfather put the box of stones there to fool any ordinary thief who might tap the walls."

"Yes. That must be the explanation. I wish we could celebrate, Tio."

"I wish so, too—but I must have dinner with my wife."

"I am dining with Captain Molina," Joan said demurely.

Tio laughed and said goodbye. He returned to the Mosca. As he passed Amelia, she was counting the change on a customer's bill.

"One dollar and twenty-four—eek!" She jumped. "Twenty-four cents." She paid the customer hurriedly. "Stop that!" she ordered Tio.

"I wished to let you know I was here, Little Flower."

"I trust you had a pleasant time in Trinidad."

"It was mostly work. I had a brief conversation with your friend Molina. I don't know why he happened to be there."

Amelia felt guilty. She tried to shift the balance. "Who is this girl you went to see?" she demanded.

"She's George Young's friend. A beautiful blonde."

"Don't talk like a wolf."

"Well, she likes me, and she gave me money for helping her."

"I should think you'd help her for nothing," Amelia declared sarcastically.

"Yes, but then I wouldn't have the money for your freezer."

"For the freezer! Oh, Tio, are you serious?"

"Not if you call me a wolf."

"You are a lamb in wolf's clothing!" Amelia cried happily. THE END

The knight with the sensitive nose

Continued from page 25

Brown's schooldays. Aurelius's whole body tensed, his eyes blazed with a feral, blue-hot light, and his right fist cut a short, swift arc in the still air and came into explosive contact with his tormentor's face.

The sound of the blow was like three pounds of steak being slapped down on a butcher's block. Its recipient swayed, buckled at the knee and fell as a tree falls.

He didn't move, and Aurelius, the flame of instinctive wrath dying to bitter ash, regarded the limp figure in dismay. "Oh, dear!" he said weakly, stepping hastily away.

The girl and the white-haired man knelt by the burly body, the girl raising its head and the man rubbing at the back of its neck. They didn't speak, but kept looking up at Aurelius in a peculiar sort of bewilderment.

Grey-Sweater's eyes opened, stared cloudily for a moment, and cleared. He sat up. He started to speak, but his face contorted in pain and he put a hand up to a rapidly swelling jaw.

The white-haired man felt at the damaged jaw and then looked at the girl. "Seems like it might be dislocated," he announced.

Grey-Sweater climbed to his feet, and the girl said: "Better get him to a doctor."

"I—I am most sorry," Aurelius stammered. "I—I wasn't aware I was striking so forcibly."

The girl's grey eyes stabbed him through, and forgot him. The white-haired man opened the car door. The girl shepherded Grey-Sweater into it and climbed in beside him.

The white-haired man came back to Aurelius with quick little steps, like a fighting cock. "Name-unaddress!" he barked.

"Oh, my n-name and address . . ." stuttered Aurelius. "Oh, of c-course." He fumbled in pockets and found paper and pencil and began to write.

The white-haired man watched him belligerently. "Don't go thinking you'll get away with this!" he said. He snatched the paper from Aurelius's hand. "Takin' the bread outer people's mouths. . . !"

With that he pranced back to the car and jumped behind the wheel. The engine started and suddenly the car shot away, spraying Aurelius with a cloud of dust.

He stared miserably after it. "Oh, dear!" he said. "Oh, dear me!"

He spent the rest of the day in apprehensive misery, mostly in the small room he had taken in Mrs. Bixby's boarding house in Abingford. At one o'clock he went out for a sandwich he couldn't taste. At two he started to unpack. From three onwards he brooded.

Six o'clock came, and then he had to get ready to visit the vice-chancellor's house in answer to an inescapable invitation to dinner.

He shaved, trying not to look at his nose, the cause of all the trouble, trying to ignore the prophetic headlines which insisted on unrolling behind his eyes—UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR IN BRAWL. FACULTY MEMBER SUED FOR ASSAULT. THE FIGHTING PH.D.

He groaned aloud. Then, as he began dressing, he was faced with another reminder in the shape of the dark suit. It was torn and stained. He bundled it away and had to resort to grey-flannel slacks and a tweed jacket, noticeably worn.

The vice-chancellor's ivy-covered house made him feel shabbier and somehow guiltier than ever. He was shown into a comfortable room inhabited by several comfortable people, but he felt only all the more uncomfortable himself, because he couldn't help wondering how they'd be treating him if they knew.

His only solace came from the history professor, whose shabbiness more than matched his own, and the fact that even the vice-chancellor wore flannel slacks and a tweed coat; a coat, incidentally, which was loudly and heartily checkered.

He found himself with a glass of sherry in one hand and a sardine in the other. He was miserably juggling them when he was taken under the maternal wing of his hostess, a large and determined woman who seemed to regard the vice-chancellor as a pampered child, and who was, it became clearer and clearer as the evening wore on, delighted with Aurelius's lack of worldliness.

She reminded him irresistibly of his Aunt Martha, and he would have basked in her protective aura if it hadn't been for the fears which kept thrusting themselves into the front of his mind. But the dinner was good, and he actually drank with it a glass of wine. The fears grew dimmer and mistier until, after the meal, he found himself telling Mrs. Vice-Chancellor that he was not, he regretted, fond of athletics.

She beamed on him, deploring the modern tendency towards violent sport, then proceeded to relate shocking details concerning a young and recent professor of English literature. So devoted had this unprincipled youth been to the "so-called sport of fisticuffs," as she called it, that he carried his passion beyond the confines of the gymnasium.

"He actually . . . actually, Mr. Brown! . . . became involved in a public fracas in the village here. Wasn't it disgraceful? Of course, he didn't stay with us very long after that. . . ."

He walked the half-mile back to his room with a sinking heart, which was justified the moment he let himself into Mrs. Bixby's. She met him in the hall. "A surprise for you, Mr. Brown," she said. "You have visitors."

Aurelius swallowed. "Visitors?"

"They're in your room. Your uncle and your sister, Mr. Brown. What a charming young lady!"

Twenty-four hours earlier, Aurelius would have told her that neither of these relationships existed in his family

"Are you sitting comfortably? . . ."

tree. But now he just swallowed again, and ran up the stairs.

The girl was in his one chair. The man with white hair was perched on the edge of his bed. Neither of them moved when he came in. They just sat looking at him.

Aurelius gave them a ghastly smile. He said: "I . . . I . . . you wanted to see me?"

The girl didn't speak. Her grey eyes were studying him. The white-haired man said: "Yeah!"

Aurelius said. "How . . . how is . . ?" and stopped.

He wanted to sit down, but there was nowhere to sit. He leaned back against the wall.

"If you're askin' about Bert Widgeon," said the white-haired man, "he ain't so good." He looked at the girl.

The girl said: "His jaw's broken. Double fracture."

Aurelius felt as if he were choking. He said, "I . . . I'm awfully sorry. Is there . . . anything I . . . I can do?"

"Sure is!" said the man. "You can pay up."

The girl looked from Aurelius's bewilderment to the white-haired man. "Show him the paper, Pop."

The white-haired man stood up and held out a newspaper. Aurelius found himself staring at the sports page of the *Standchester Herald*. He knew that Standchester was the nearest large town to Abingford, but couldn't conceive any connection.

Then he saw the headline: BOXER INJURED—"IRONMAN" WIDGEON HAS X-RAY—and under it a paragraph which ran: "Bert Widgeon, Australian heavyweight who is due to meet Bristol's Joe Mastrami at the Ice Rink next week, was in an accident today."

"Bert won't be fit to box for three, four months," said the white-haired man prancing the way he had that morning. "So what we want to know is, are you going to shell out? Or do we have to go to court?"

AURELIUS found himself saying, "This is preposterous!" He heard his voice rising and tried to lower it. "I was attacked. I . . . I was insulted." His hand started a movement, sternly checked, towards his face.

"Jest a minute, jest a minute! You was not attacked. You jumped outer that tree and grabbed hold of Bert——"

"All right, Pop!" said the girl suddenly. "Forget it!"

The white-haired man started to protest, but she cut him short. "I'll handle this," she said. She stood up and walked him to the door. "See you at the hotel."

When he had gone, protesting, she closed the door. "Sorry about that. Pop gets carried away, sometimes," she said. She smiled at Aurelius and he saw that she was very, very good to look at.

She sat down on the edge of the bed, and somehow he found himself in the chair.

"What's your name?" she asked. "What's that 'A' in front of the Brown?"

Aurelius told her. He thought she blinked, but he couldn't be sure. She said, "My name's Toni. Bert Widgeon's my brother."

"Your brother!" Aurelius made a poor job of hiding his surprise. "You don't sound like an Australian."

"I came over here years ago," she said, "to live with my Aunt May. Bert went into the fight game after I left Australia and he's done pretty well at it. He wasn't getting enough fights over there, though, and he decided to try his luck in England." She glanced down for a moment, and Aurelius felt lost without the grey eyes. "To cut a long story short, he wrote to me and I contacted Pop."

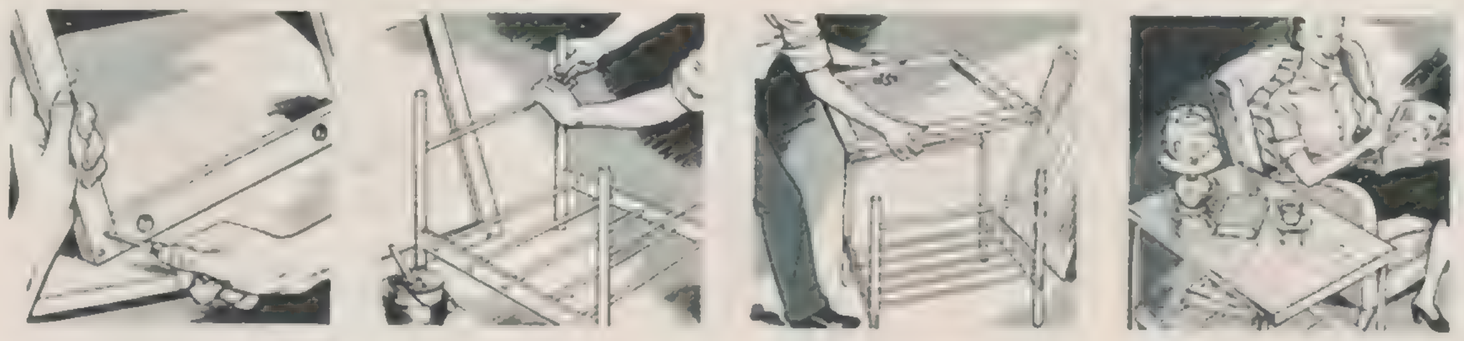
Aurelius heard himself speak again. It was only one word, but it expressed all the puzzlement he was feeling.

"Pop?" he said.

She laughed, a sound which wrought yet further havoc within Aurelius. She said: "Christmas! That old fraud isn't my father. His name's Pop, Pop Costello. He's been managing boxers

Make yourself at home

All over Britain householders are finding ingenious ways of brightening and easing their home lives. Each week, JOHN BULL will pay five guineas for the best original and practical do-it-yourself hint sent in by a reader. These will be illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1



THE loose leaf of my mahogany extending table is used only when we entertain friends, so I have adapted it as the top for an occasional table. First I made a supporting frame in 2-in. by 1-in. deal to fit into a recess beneath the loose leaf. I used 1-in. diameter broom stave in beech for the legs. The rack beneath is made of ½-in. dowel which fits into 1½-in. by 3-in. mahogany side supports. When needed, the loose leaf can be lifted off.—R. BALL. Greenway Street, Darwen, Lancashire.

—and robbing them—since you and I were in rompers."

"Oh!" Aurelius said. He felt relieved.

"Well, anyhow, he's fixed Bert up with several fights around London, but they don't start until autumn. Until then there is just this one fight in Standchester. And if Bert doesn't fight, he can't eat."

"Oh, dear!" said Aurelius huskily.

"Look, Aury"—the unfamiliar diminutive made him blush—"I know it wasn't your fault. I know we couldn't get a penny in court." She hesitated. "But could we borrow some money from you? Say a hundred pounds?"

Aurelius said miserably, "I haven't any money." And then he found himself telling her all about everything. It was a long story which ended: "And of course I won't be receiving any salary until after term begins. That isn't until the fifteenth, and then it isn't very much."

He told her how much, and after a silence, she said: "Oh, well, it was just an idea."

She got to her feet.

"I wish there were something I could do," Aurelius said. "Some way I could help."

He sounded so despondent that she managed a smile for him. "Don't worry," she said. "It wasn't your fault."

"I think it was," Aurelius said. "I . . . I was hasty. Far too hasty! If he had done anything but . . . but what he did. . . ." He stopped and drew a deep breath. "I am acutely sensitive about my nose."

She looked at him, and suddenly her grey eyes widened. The tiredness seemed to fall away from her to be replaced by a look of vivid excitement.

She said: "Aury, listen! I've just had a wonderful idea. This stupid contract we've got. It's a flat two hundred for the bout, then ten per cent of the gate if we stay five rounds. If we win, we get thirty-five per cent, but we don't have to worry about that."

She drew a deep breath and was off again. "Your term doesn't start until the fifteenth, and the bout's on the twelfth. Standchester's twenty miles from here, and nobody'd ever know. What do you say?"

She shook his arm. Then before the bewildered Aurelius could answer, she had backed away and was looking him over from head to toe. It made him feel rather like a horse, and he eyed her in astonishment.

He said: "I'm afraid I don't understand. . . ."

"Hold your arm sideways," she said, and Aurelius found himself obeying. Then, without any form of warning, she stepped closer to him and smote him hard, with a small, hard fist, just below the breastbone.

Subconsciously, he set the muscles to meet the blow, and the grey eyes gleamed with momentary awe as she dropped her hand with an exclamation.

"Wow!" she said, rubbing her knuckles. "You could do it, Aury." Then, before he could attempt to organize his swirling thoughts she went on: "Have you ever done any boxing? Back in college? Anywhere?"

"Well, a very little," Aurelius said. "It was at school. . . ."

He stopped abruptly, staring at her in horrified amazement. "Are you suggesting that I should pose as your brother and——"

"No, no! You'll be something Pop's been keeping dark. From Australia. We'll get you a licence under a false name."

He gazed at her in deepening, incredulous horror. Watching his face, she said: "Oh, Aury, it wouldn't be all that bad." Her lower lip formed a delicious pout. "And they wouldn't find out, Aury. How would anybody find out?"

"No!" cried Aurelius. "It's utterly impossible. *No!*"

He saw the vividness fade from her face. "Well, it was just an idea," she said. "Silly, I suppose."

She turned slowly to the door. Aurelius stared at her miserably. She faltered. Her shoulders seemed to sag, but then she straighened them, almost angrily. She reached for the door handle.

"Wait!" said Aurelius hoarsely. . . .

That was on the Tuesday night. On Thursday, the *Standchester Herald* sports page carried the news that the Australian boxer, Bert Widgeon, wouldn't be able to meet Mastrami, but that promoter Monty Harris had secured, as a substitute, another member of Pop Costello's well-known stable in the shape of the Australian knockout flash, Charlie (Boko) Jackson.

On Friday the *Herald's* rival, the *Telegraph*, sought out Mr. Costello, who again quoted Jackson's impressive record, and added the titbit of information that at home in Sydney he was called affectionately the Big Boko.

Mr. C. would not, however, permit reporters to talk with his boy. Boko, he said, was too busy working up a fighting edge.

Bert Widgeon, interviewed later in Standchester Infirmary, couldn't talk, owing to facial injuries sustained in his accident. But, when asked about his stablemate's abilities, he obligingly pencilled the following message: "Blimey, what a right!"

There was an article in one of the local weekly papers, too, and after that paragraphs every day. None of them, fortunately, reached the eye or ear of Professor Aurelius Brown of Abingford University, whose nature walks, his landlady noted with concern, seemed to start earlier and earlier, leaving him more and more exhausted at the end of each day.

By the afternoon of Saturday, four hours before the fight, Standchester's interest had mounted to unusual heights, and the odds on Mastrami had plummeted, standing at only five to four. But by ten fifteen that night they had suffered a remarkable reversal, and ringside gamblers were offering twenty-five to one with no takers. Because now two rounds of the great bout had already been fought, before an audience growing more restive every minute. . . .

In his corner, the Pride of the Antipodes, as the programme described Aurelius, was doubled up on his stool, gasping. Pop and two other men worked over him feverishly. Though his face was completely unmarked, his torso was a mass of purple-red blotches, and it seemed as if every rib in his body was broken.

The bell sounded. The men pushed Aurelius to his feet. They snatched away his stool, and disappeared through the ropes. Then the nightmare began to repeat itself. The squat enemy was on him again, evading his flapping blows, weaving closer and closer, resting that jutting chin in the same sore place on his shoulder, pounding away.

The crowd shouted and whistled and catcalled, and someone bellowed: "Wyke up Orestrylia!"

Pop Costello, leaning on the apron of the ring, felt a plucking at his arm and found Toni beside him. She said: "Pop, I can't stand this."

He groaned. "Me neither! Think o' my reputation."

Toni said: "Your what?" mechanically. She glanced up at the ring and then quickly down again. There were tears in her eyes. She whispered to

VIRTUE—3

With virtue and quietness one may conquer the world.

Lao-tze

Have a CADBURY SLIDE!

IN A GAY NEW WRAPPER

Cadbury's 6D TURKISH DELIGHT

Cadbury's PEPPERMINTS

Cadbury's 6D CARAMELS

6D

5D

6D

snap into it!

Roll up! Take your pick! Caramel or Turkish Delight or Peppermint! For whichever of these delicious Cadbury's Chocolates you like best, you can get a whole Cadbury Slide-full. Just snap it open in the middle and out slide the chocolates. Simply luscious!

I WANT CADBURYS!

TURKISH DELIGHT PEPPERMINTS CARAMELS

herself: "Oh, I shouldn't have done it!"

Pop eyed her sourly. "You want me to tell him to lay down?"

"He wouldn't, and you know it," she said indignantly. Then she asked quickly: "Isn't Mastrami ever going to hit him on the nose?"

"Now why should he want to reach right up there?" Pop said. "He's doing all right downstairs, ain't he?"

The shouting of the crowd changed to a roar. Boko Jackson, doubled up, had slipped and fallen backwards through the ropes. Then, as Jackson began disentangling himself, the bell sounded for the end of the round.

Pop was starting to climb into the ring when he heard Toni's voice in his ear again. "Pop!" she was excited suddenly. "Pop! I've got an idea."

In a haze of pain and exhaustion, the Pride of the Antipodes sank down on his stool, vaguely aware that this time only the two strange men were ministering to him. But then Pop was there, bending over him.

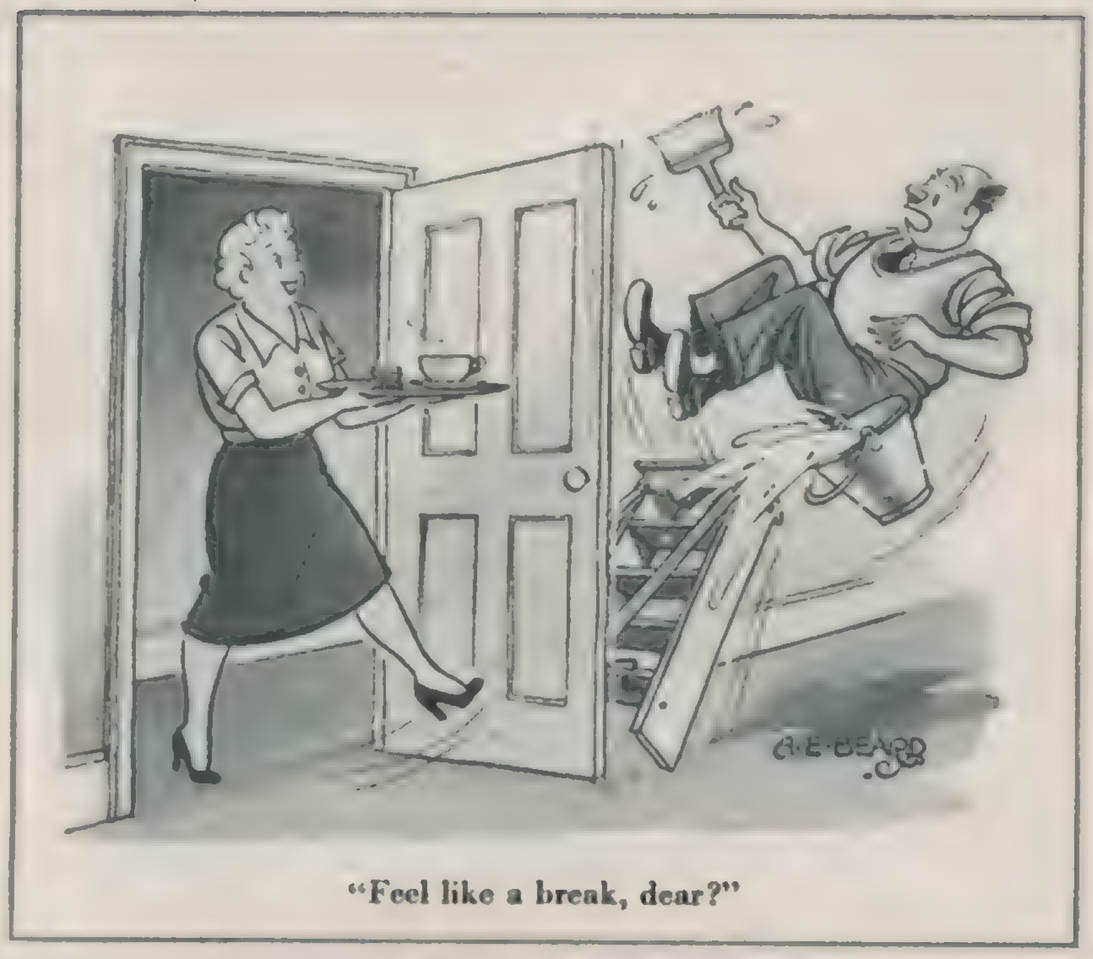
"You got to keep this feller out o' yer ribs, son," Pop said. "When he puts his head on yer shoulder like this, you put your head on top, see? And bear down, see? Get it? Put yer head on top o' his, and bear down."

Which instructions resulted in one of the most astonishing sights ever witnessed in Standchester ice rink; or in any boxing arena anywhere. Because when the fourth round started in the now-familiar pattern, the Big Boko was seen to fold his long form down over his short opponent's and then to rest his whole face heavily upon the dark-haired pate. . . .

Whereupon, in the subsequent words of the *Telegraph's* report: "Murder was unleashed in the hempen arena."

For Mastrami, never one to miss an opportunity, backed up and raised his bullet head sharply, bringing the toughest part of his tough skull into violent and nicely accidental-seeming contact with his opponent's nose. . . .

There are ringsiders who will swear to this day that a roar of rage burst from the lips of the Australian flash. Whether this is true or not, there's no possible doubt that some sort of magical metamorphosis did come over



"Feel like a break, dear?"

him. To quote again from the *Telegraph*:

> . . . and Jackson, who up to this moment had shown us nothing worthy of his fine record, really went into action. Instead of spoiling, and fighting on the retreat, he went berserk, rushing Mastrami and pumping in a stream of leather the like of which this reporter has never seen.
>
> Wild though some of the punches were, there was no withstanding them. The end came soon, only a few seconds after the whirlwind flurry had begun. Helpless under the storm of leather, Mastrami dropped his guard and a terrific right caught him on the chin. He fell on his face, and it was all over, bar the shouting, of which there was plenty.

There was. It raged round Toni's head in furious waves of sound. She sat very still, gripping the arms of her chair, staring straight at the ring. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

A hand was tapping her shoulder insistently, and she turned to see a middle-aged man, very dignified, who wore a tweed jacket of quite remarkable checks. He said: "Excuse me, young lady, but might I have a word with you?"

In the ring it was no longer the Big Boko, but Aurelius Brown, who looked down at the prone and motionless figure over which the referee was tolling the fatal tenth second. He was shaking his head in self-reproach. "Oh, dear!" said Aurelius. "Oh, dear me . . . dear me!"

Then a new kind of nightmare began, a nightmare of men and voices. His gloves were pulled off and the Big Boko robe pulled on. There was a long trip through a sea of faces all shouting. Then he was in the bare dressing-room again, with men rubbing him painfully all over, and holding him under a shower, and talking.

Then there came a sort of mad peace as, dressed once more in the slacks and the old tweed coat, he was somehow sitting in a corner, alone with his throbbing face and aching body.

He slumped lower in the chair—he hurt less that way—and tipped up the back of his hat until the brim almost rested on his nose. It felt like the visor of a helmet. As he did so, there was a rustle of movement behind him. A white hand lifted the visor. Soft lips were pressed against his lips, and there was a soft voice ringing in his ears; a voice which murmured: "Aury, Aury, darling, you were terrific."

He should have stayed in bed all Sunday, because he could hardly move. But he was in love, and had a tryst with his loved one. So, in the late afternoon, he crawled out of bed and into clothes, and sallied forth.

Turning the corner by the church, he ran into disaster. It wore the ominous shape of Mrs. Vice-Chancellor, with her husband in tow. She rounded the corner under full sail, and nearly knocked Aurelius over. With a groan he clapped a hand to his ribs.

Mrs. Vice-Chancellor stared at him in keen-eyed, tight-lipped surprise. "Why, Mr. Brown!" she said. "What's the matter? Why are you standing like that? And your nose!"

Speechless, Aurelius looked wildly around, even upwards, in a hopeless appeal for help. And it came, from a source which seemed miraculous. From the vice-chancellor in fact, who today was soberly clad in dark blue.

"Ah, these nature lovers!" the vice-chancellor said jovially. "I heard all about it, Brown." He looked at his wife. "This young man, my dear, is not only an ornithologist, but the best of samaritans. Restoring a fledgling to its nest, he fell from the tree he had climbed."

The vice-chancellor looked at Aurelius: "It was a rare species wasn't it, Brown? An Australian bird, I believe; a long-tailed Widgeon, did they say?"

And Aurelius saw the vice-chancellor's left eyelid flutter, unmistakably.

THE END

Shadow of the moon

Continued from page 21

in it. There was a serenity and a glow about her, something that was almost happiness.

How can she look like that? thought Alex with a faint twinge of irritation; as if she were entirely content and there were no longer any problems that mattered? Had women no imagination? Had nothing of all that she had seen made her realize that her life—all their lives—was only a matter of living for an hour or a day, by luck or cunning and the grace of God?

Winter said: "Breakfast is ready."

The incongruity of the commonplace, matter-of-fact statement at that time and in that setting suddenly struck him, and he laughed.

Alex slept most of that first day at the *Hirren Minar*, and awakened to a ravenous hunger that was only partially appeased by a mess of dried corn and a somewhat muddy-tasting fish that Lou Cottar—who found lines and fish-hooks in a corner of the room—had caught in the course of the afternoon.

He left the women to themselves that night and all next day. For fear of alarming them, he did not tell them that he was going back to the Residency.

There was a bundle of native clothing in the ruined dome of the *Hirren Minar*, and Lou Cottar, coming unexpectedly upon him as he set out—she had been down to the river—took him for a Pathan and was betrayed into a scream.

"Oh God, Alex, you frightened me! I thought for a moment. . . ."

Alex said: "Does it change me so much?"

"Yes. I'm sure no one would know you."

Alex smiled faintly. He said: "I hope you're right." Then he added: "I may not be back for some time. Don't show a light if you can help it." He turned away and disappeared into the jungle in the direction of the Lunjore road.

The Residency was deserted except for the kites and the crows and the scavenging pariah dogs, and the sickly-sweet stench of corruption that hung over it in a cloud almost as tangible as the clouds of flies that buzzed above the dead. The bloated corpse of the commissioner lay on the floor of the drawing-room.

Alex's own bungalow was empty and, like the rest of the bungalows, had been systematically looted.

There was little that remained among the débris of the Residency or his own bungalow that was of any use. But, having hidden the documents from his office in the roof of the deserted stables, he made a small bundle of various objects which he considered worth removing, and filled a torn haversack with fruit and corn from the trampled garden.

He saw few people in the cantonment area, and kept out of sight himself. There were even fewer men on the long, hot road that ran to the river, for the news of the massacre of the British had spread to the villages, and in times of trouble men preferred to keep to their homes. Alex gleaned some news from a frightened merchant who had intended to journey to Oudh and had found the bridge gone, but the news was of little value except that it confirmed the advisability of lying low for as long as possible.

There was nothing to be done but to keep the women in hiding. Back with them again, Alex told them where he had been, and what the situation was.

When he told Winter that her husband was dead, she received the news without emotion. She had felt sure he must have perished; and in any case her short married life with Conway Barton now seemed to her no more than a distressing dream.

In the days that followed, Alex chafed at the inaction and occupied himself with snaring birds for food. Winter alone of the four occupants of the *Hirren Minar* had no need to pray for patience. She was, for perhaps the first time in her life, entirely content.

She shut her mind to the memory of all that had happened to her in Lunjore—to the heartbreak and bitter disillusionment that had awaited her there; to the long months of degradation and misery; to the horrors of the last day and to the thought of the worse things that might even now be happening in the world beyond the forest. She would not think of the past or the future. Only of the present. And the present was Alex.

It did not worry her that Alex hardly looked at her and rarely spoke to her, and that when he did it was generally with an unmistakable undercurrent of exasperation. It contented her that Alex was alive and within reach.

The only unpleasant times were when he went out to get news from the villages. She never asked where he went or whom he saw, and she was always frightened that he would not come back.

She noticed that he talked to Lottie far more than to either Lou or herself, and also that he had a special voice for Lottie, a voice that was gay and gentle and reassuring. It could always reassure Lottie, and even to hear it was an assurance of safety to Winter.

Lottie and Lou Cottar, in spite of the appalling heat, still wore the dresses they had worn when they left Lunjore. Alex brought back needles and thread from one of his night excursions, and they mended them neatly. He also, somewhat unexpectedly, brought a wine-coloured cotton *sari* with a deep-blue border and a narrow cotton bodice such as the village women wore, for Winter.

Lottie and Lou Cottar could not be persuaded to wear such things. They had discarded their petticoats, corsets and pantalettes, but they clung to what they considered a civilized garment, as though it gave them some assurance that this was only a temporary interlude soon to give place to normality.

"You're letting yourself go native, Winter," snapped Lou Cottar one hot evening, in an unwonted outburst of irritation. She looked resentfully at the girl, and in the same moment thought how well the graceful folds of the cheap *sari* became her, and how much more effective the silky, blue-black hair was when it swung in thick plaits almost to the waist than when it was rolled up into the conventional heavy chignon.

Mrs. Cottar had never considered little Mrs. Barton to be particularly striking, but looking at her now she thought suddenly that she was beautiful; like something out of some Eastern fairy tale.

She said irritably: "You are the only one of us who does not look out of place in this God-forsaken hole . . . and who doesn't seem to mind being here."

"I don't," said Winter.

Lou Cottar stared at her with an

VIRTUE—4

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

Oliver Goldsmith

Persil for coloureds, too!

Who wouldn't feel carefree—dressed in such a swirl of colour? How much brighter the picnic will be when *she* gets there. Yet the dress isn't new—it's just that it's Persil-washed!

And here's the reason why Persil keeps colours bright as new—*Persil gets out every scrap of dirt.* You can *see* it does!

GENTLE, TOO, FOR HANDS AND NAILS

Yes, another blessing of Persil is that it's so very kind to your hands and nails—you can *feel* it is.

PFR 1334/178.

indignation that changed to sudden comprehension. She said abruptly: "You're in love with him, aren't you?"

Not so very long ago Winter would have considered such a question an unwarrantable impertinence. But this was not the civilized world they had known. This was Eden. She smiled at Lou and said: "Yes."

"Is he in love with you?"

Winter shook her head. "I think he has too much on his mind to bother about anything like that," she said. "Just now he can only think of me as a nuisance. I think he has always thought of me like that. A tiresome responsibility that he would like to be rid of if he could."

"Not only you," said Lou, with a twisted smile. "All of us. And I can't say that I blame him. If it wasn't for us he could go. And if it wasn't for Lottie. . . ."

She glanced towards the bed where Lottie lay asleep, and sighed sharply.

LOU COTTAR'S thin features sharpened with anxiety as she looked at her, and she said with suppressed violence: "That damned baby! It's hanging over us all like . . . like the monsoon! Something that you know is coming and that can't be hurried or stopped. How much longer has she got?"

"About six weeks, I think," said Winter doubtfully.

"Six weeks! Oh God . . . and here we are doing nothing. *Nothing!* What in heaven's name are we going to do if she has it here? Do you know anything about babies?"

"No," admitted Winter.

"Neither do I. Not a damned thing! We've got to get her to some civilized place where there is a doctor. Why doesn't Alex do something? We must get her away. . . ."

Alex, lying under a canopy of leaves in the hot, dry jungle grass and watching the shadow of a *sal* tree lengthen across the clearing, was making the same calculations and coming to the same conclusion. But he could still see no safe way of translating the thought into action. The reports he received were all the same. It was inviting death to travel anywhere.

Only the Punjab—if the reports were to be trusted—remained unaffected, but to reach it meant a long, difficult and dangerous journey, and one which Lottie was in no condition to undertake on foot.

Six weeks—perhaps seven before she had her child. But anything might have happened by then. Troops must be hurrying out from England or stopped on their way to China. Reinforcements must be coming. And once the British began to fight back in strength, it would be possible to demand help from those who at present were too busy trying to forecast how things would go to commit themselves one way or the other. For the moment Lottie was safer where she was.

That damned baby! thought Alex, with an exasperation and anxiety that equalled Lou's. *Why on earth do women have to. . . .*

That night he took a graver risk than he had yet taken, and went into the city. It was the twelfth of June, but the news that Sir Henry Barnard had fought and won a battle at Badli-ki-Serai on the road to Delhi, and that once again there were British on the Ridge and Delhi itself besieged, had not yet reached Lunjore.

There was elation in the city, for the reports and rumours that had been received were all of successful risings and of Europeans and British garrisons murdered and besieged; and it lacked only ten days to the twenty-third of June—the centenary of the Battle of Plassey, which an ex-clerk of the East India Company, Robert Clive, had fought with three thousand men against an army of 68,000, and won all India. The rule of the "Company Sahib," said the prophecy, would last for a hundred years from the date of that battle, and now that day was near.

The talk of the bazaars only served to convince Alex that he could not move the women yet.

"Is there no news, Alex?" demanded Lou Cottar the next morning, following him out into the jungle and facing him among the hot shadows of the *sal* trees. "You must have heard something! Even if it is bad we would much rather know than be kept in the dark."

"All the news is bad," said Alex shortly. "It's no good. We can't leave yet."

Lou said: "But we must go soon. Can't you see that if we don't Lottie may. . . ."

It was the same evening that Lottie strayed away to pick jungle berries not twenty yards from the river bank. Hearing someone moving through the bushes, she stopped, expecting Lou, who had been fetching water.

But it was not Lou. It was a bearded, fierce-looking native in torn and soiled clothing, who carried a heavy bundle upon one shoulder and wore on wrist and ankle the marks that are made by iron fetters.

The man stared at her unbelievingly, and then his lips stretched into an evil grin. A memsahib!—a *Feringhee*! His eyes glittered and he dropped the bundle he carried and drew a knife from his belt.

Lottie's mouth opened in a soundless scream. She made no attempt to turn and run, but stood frozen and still, like a trapped rabbit.

She did not hear Lou coming up from the river. Neither did Bishul Singh, *dacoit*, for he saw nothing but the petrified face of the white woman before him, and heard only the crackling of the undergrowth as he crept towards her.

Lou never moved from the *Hirren Minar* without a revolver. She dropped the *chatti* she carried and, as the man looked round, checked by the sudden sound, she pulled the gun from the sling she had made for it, and fired.

"No!" screamed Lottie. "No! No! *No. . . !*"

Alex was reinforcing a bamboo ladder that he had made to replace the rope one that Lottie found difficult to climb. He heard the shot and the screams, and ran. He took one look at the man on the ground and at Lou, who was holding the screaming Lottie, and said: "Where's Winter?" Then Winter came through the bushes, white-faced and panting, and he gripped Lou's shoulders and shook her and said: "Were there any others?"

"No. I don't know," said Lou jerkily. "He was coming for Lottie with a knife. I shot him. Lottie . . . Lottie! It's all right, dear, it's all right."

Alex said: "Get on, get back . . . all of you. He may not have been alone."

But Lottie would not go. She struggled and screamed, and Alex had to carry her back to the *Hirren Minar*, holding her with her face pressed hard against his shoulder to muffle the screams. She fought him every inch of the way, writhing and twisting and clawing at him, her thin, distorted body suddenly possessed of surprising strength. It was all he could do to get her back to the upper room.

Alex said: "Pull up the ladder, Winter. And close the entrance. Lou, give me the opium . . . and the brandy. It's all right, Lottie dear, you're safe now."

But Lottie screamed and shrieked and fought, as she had screamed and fought at the Kashmir Gate in Delhi when she had seen a grinning, bearded man leap at Edward with a sword, and her husband fell, spurting blood from that terrible wound, and she had been dragged away to be lowered over the battlements. . . .

"Let me go! . . . let me go! They're killing him! Edward . . . Edward!" screamed Lottie.

And then quite suddenly she went slack in Alex's arms and they saw with unutterable relief that she had fainted.

Alex laid her down on the narrow camp bed and went out into the twilight jungle.

He stood still, listening for a long time, but could hear no sounds that suggested anyone moving through the jungle. He made a cautious circuit of the immediate area but found no one. Then, returning to the corpse, he dragged it to the river bank and pushed it off into deep water.

Lottie did not recover consciousness for another hour, and when at last she moaned and stirred they were able to make her drink the opium brew without much difficulty. She sat up, propped against Lou Cottar's shoulder, and stared at Lou's face and at Alex and Winter, and her eyes lost the dazed sweetness that they had had for so long.

She said at last: "Edward is dead, isn't he? They killed him. I . . . I remember now. And they shot Mama . . . and Papa.

"They killed Edward," she went on. "They . . . they cut him with their swords, and there was a man with a knife who——"

Winter said: "Don't think of it, darling . . . don't!"

"How can you stop yourself thinking of a thing like that? I should have stayed with him but they wouldn't let me. I should have stayed with him. . . ."

She turned her head against Lou Cottar's shoulder and wept, and Alex got up and went out.

He slept in the jungle that night, in the grass before the entrance of the *Hirren Minar*. There were clouds in the sky, but they held no promise of rain; only of hot winds and dust, and it seemed as though they intensified the heat, as though they were a lid on a gigantic cauldron.

Alex went down to the river and lay in the water on the narrow ledge below the bank. He lay there for a long time, until the sun leaped from below the horizon and the burning day was in full flood across the pitiless sky and the parched jungle.

It was only then, when the sun flared in the tree tops, that he realized that none of the three women had come down to the river that morning.

He left the water reluctantly and felt it dry on his back almost before he had reached the top of the bank. Between the tree shadows the sun was like a raw flame on his shoulders as he walked back to the *Hirren Minar*.

HE had reached the entrance when he heard an agonized moaning, and stopped. He stood quite still for perhaps five minutes, knowing with despair and anger and pity what it meant. Then he turned away and sat down in a patch of shadow on a fallen block of stone that fronted the low stone ledge before the *Hirren Minar*. This, at least, was not his affair.

The problem of this unborn child had been hanging over them all ever since the day of their escape from the Residency, the appalling inevitability of birth marching steadily towards them, unavoidable, inescapable. Lottie would have to bear this child even though her husband, mother, father and half her friends were dead, and India awash with blood and anarchy.

What are those women doing to her? thought Alex impatiently. He could hear Winter's voice and Lou's, and Lottie's agonizing moans going on and on. They rose to a scream that was more fear than pain, and suddenly he could bear it no longer. He leaped the stone ledge and was up the ladder and in the comparative coolness of the upper room.

Lottie was lying on the camp bed, fully dressed and clutching at the sides of it, her eyes wide with terror. Winter knelt beside her and Lou Cottar leaned over her with a tin mug in her hand. They turned their heads towards him and on both their white faces was the same terror of the unknown that was on Lottie's; and Alex, seeing it, realized in that moment that not one of them had the slightest idea of the mechanics of birth.

In a sudden fury of exasperation he thrust Winter and Lou aside. He said savagely: "What in hell's name do you think you are doing? Come on—get her out of those clothes."

He bent over Lottie and took her hands, feeling them turn and clutch frantically at his, and said: "Listen to me, Lottie. You've got to think of your baby now and not of anything else. Just try and do what I say. Will you do that?"

Lottie nodded, clinging to his hands. He released them with difficulty and said shortly to Lou: "Pull that fan

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 45

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

VIRTUE—5

The virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited upon the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.

Charles Dickens

What was wrong with "Bob"?

AT THE LOCAL DOG SHOW

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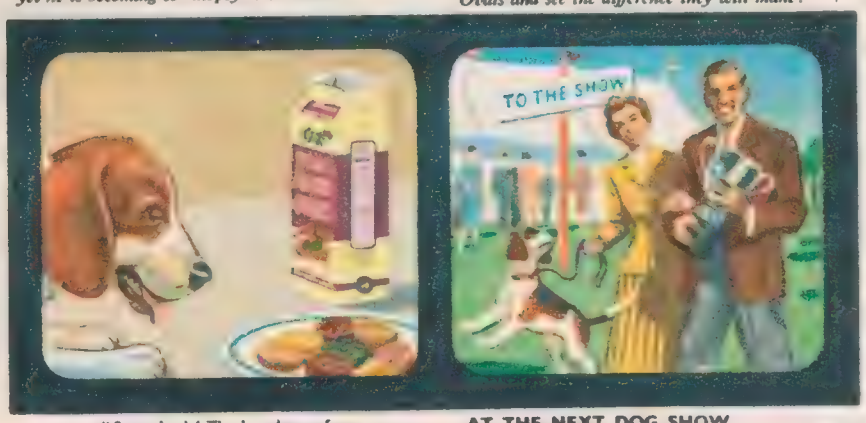
"No wonder he's slack: dogs need concentrated nourishment; you try him on Spratt's Mixed Ovals and see the difference they will make!"



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and keep the flies off her. Have we got enough water in the place?"

"I—I think so," said Lou. Her face was quite white and her assurance had suddenly forsaken her.

"Well make sure! And if we haven't, get it." He turned to Winter who had removed Lottie's clothing. "Get down there and heat some water. And here"—he reached for a claspknife from the stone ledge and handed it to her—"boil that in some water. Let it boil for five or ten minutes and then take it off and leave it there."

That day, when they needed it so badly, the hot wind failed and the air was as still as brass. Lou and Winter took it in turns to pull the bamboo punkah and to sponge and fan Lottie, and Alex sat by her, holding her hands. His voice remained steady and reassuring, but before the morning was out he knew with a sick despair that he would not allow to show in his face that he was fighting a losing battle.

Lottie's daughter was born just as the sun touched the level of the tree tops; and, long before the gold had left the sky, Lottie was dead. She survived the birth, and she might have lived if she had fought to do so; but she had neither the strength nor the desire to hold on to life.

She spoke only once. Lou washed the tiny, whimpering creature and laid it against Lottie's thin shoulder, and Lottie's sunken eyes opened slowly and painfully and she looked at it. A last ray from the sinking sun pierced through the bamboo screen and touched its small head, and Lottie's bloodless lips curled in the shadow of a smile.

"Red hair," she whispered. "Like Edward's. Take care of him, Lou." And then she died.

It took Alex the best part of the night to dig a grave that would be deep enough to protect Lottie's little body from marauding animals, but he managed it at last. They buried her in the clear, pearly light of the early morning, an hour before the sun rose, and Alex said as much as he could remember of the service for the burial of the dead over her grave.

Lou fed the baby that first day with water in which she had boiled a little rice. She dipped a clean rag in the liquid and gave it to the tiny creature to suck, and there was a look on her face that Alex had not thought it possible for Lou Cottar to wear.

She said thoughtfully and with entire seriousness: "You'll have to get me some milk. I wonder if we could keep a goat?"

Alex finished his meal and came over to look at the skinny, wrinkled little object with the fluff of reddish-gold down on its head that had cost Lottie her life. And, looking at it he had a sudden warm feeling of achievement. He had not been able to save Lottie, but he had at least saved this minute scrap of new life from dying before it had lived. All at once that seemed a thing as well worth doing as the saving of a province.

He laughed and said: "You shall have your goat, Lou, if I have to steal it. What are you going to call the baby?"

"Amanda," said Lou promptly.

"Good Lord! Why? Did Lottie——"

"No," said Lou. "Lottie was sure it was going to be a boy. She never knew it wasn't. It's just that I think Amanda is a nice name for her. It means 'worthy of love.'"

Alex slept most of that day and went out at sunset. He returned at dawn dragging an exceedingly vocal goat. It had been very unwilling to accompany him, and he had been compelled to carry it for the first part of the way.

Lou and Winter learned to milk it, and the baby throve. She was astonishingly tenacious of life, and survived the untutored treatment to which she was subjected as she had survived the hazards of that pregnancy and premature birth.

The goat gave far more trouble. It evinced a desire to stray and could be trusted to eat its way through any and every rope. Alex constructed a strong door of thick bamboo poles to replace the flimsier curtain of grass over the entrance to the *Hirren Minar*, and they kept the goat in the lower chamber at night.

The jungle dried and shrivelled and turned brown about them, and the river shrank, and still the monsoon delayed. They never spoke of Lottie. Their life went on as before, except that now there was the baby to look after in place of Lottie; and that Lou had lost her restlessness.

Somewhere, unsuspected by anyone and least of all by herself, there must have lurked in her an ineradicable spark of the maternal instinct. Now, unexpectedly it sprang alight. When Lou took the child from Lottie she had looked at her with a sudden awestruck and exultant sense of possession.

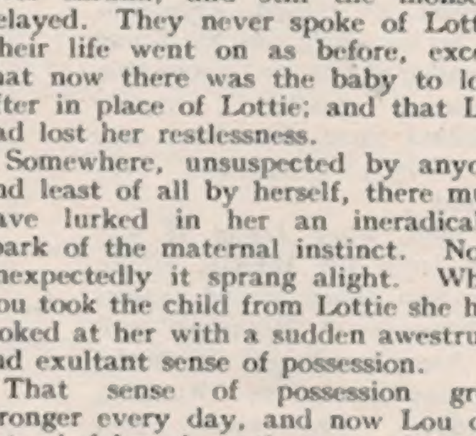
That sense of possession grew stronger every day, and now Lou did not mind how long they stayed in the *Hirren Minar*. She was afraid of moving from it. They were safe here and they must not take any risks.

She did not know that their days at the *Hirren Minar* were nearly over.

To be continued next week

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 43



A SHOPKEEPER is liable to a fine of £50 for offering for sale a gas fire not fitted with a guard, says a barrister-at-law. The Heating Appliances (Fireguards) Act of 1952 says that gas fires, electric fires and oil heaters which may cause fires must be fitted with effective fireguards. A second-hand dealer and his wife were each fined £2 for offences under this Act last January.

Woman doctor in the veiled city

Continued from page 15

you paid for it. Save it for somebody else. He is as good as dead."

In their own eyes, lives were worth little, and were certainly not a justification for waste.

Twenty-four hours' delay! Slipping the precious capsules into my pocket, I set out at once for Mohammed's home. The old women of death were there, keeping their silent watch, but the boy was still alive.

Several days later, little Mohammed was cured. Sana had never seen anything like it before. I found him, thin as a skeleton, waiting for me at my door. Of his own accord, he discreetly and faithfully began to work for me as my assistant-coachman.

My coachman was Abdallah, who had been a soldier of the Imam for twenty years. His secret pride was that he had once blown up a cannon through overloading it. Nobody had ever discovered who was responsible, and the citizens of Sana, dismayed at the prospect of doing without noise during their great feasts, had commissioned him to canvass the entire province for money to buy another. Needless to say, he had profited considerably from this obvious sign of Allah's pardon.

With dignity, I would drive in a charming tilbury drawn by a beautiful small black horse to the hospital, a newly constructed building in a garden. In front of the door was a block of masonry which was a grave. In the nineteenth century a man had died while the city was being besieged and he could not be buried outside the gates.

The hospital was infinitely better than the one in Taiz. It had large, airy, well-built and intelligently spaced rooms which were clean—if one does not attach too occidental a meaning to the word. The patients had real beds with sheets, and were well fed. Their daily menu consisted of three loaves, a meat dish, yoghourt, fruit and cracked wheat cooked in milk with butter and sugar.

But the three hundred beds were far from being completely occupied. The sick could not hope to be cured. Medicines were almost as rare as in Taiz, and patients who needed operations waited vainly for the arrival of a surgeon.

The staff consisted of fifteen male nurses and some servants. The nurses would work in the hospital for several years, learn as much as possible from the doctors and obtain a certificate which would allow them to practise.

The ability of these students was surprising and most of them achieved an amazing competence. Unfortunately, the boldest were not always the ablest, and one of them had just come out of prison for killing a patient in an attempted hernia operation. The usual punishment for errors was either leg irons, or, for more serious troubles, the suppression of pay. They therefore took care not to assume responsibility.

My duties increased rapidly. An unusual examination which came my way concerned a slave girl. An ambassador from Saudi Arabia wished to buy the girl from a prince in Sana as a gift for his master. A servant from the guest house secretly informed me what was happening, and showed me the contract, which was already signed. The price to be paid was about £700, but the sale hinged upon my medical report.

For someone priced at £700, she rather disappointed me. Aged fifteen, she had a pretty enough body, but her face was scowling, hard and common.

She was perfectly healthy. Nevertheless, the skin of her arms and legs was slightly grainy as the result of a poor vitamin balance in her diet, so I gladly mentioned this discovery in my report.

Hardly had I returned home that day before a visit from the ambassador was announced. He was upset and bombarded me with questions. Was it contagious? Was it curable? Would it recur? In a comforting tone, I gave horrible details of the symptoms of pellagra.

When he left Sana, he took no small, veiled child to a place far from her native land. My Yemenite friends had to learn that a human being is not a beast to be bought and sold.

I had few out-patients, because the poor considered that there was little point in being advised to take medicines which they could not possibly afford to buy, but the sick did not delay in calling me to their homes.

Among such patients was one of the wives of Seif el Islam el Hassan, the viceroy of Sana.

At the door of the viceroy's palace the leader of his guard made me cross a courtyard. He struck a brass gong violently, and when light footsteps approached inside he opened the door with a massive wooden key. A little boy of ten met me, immediately took my medicine case, and led me up some stairs. This was my first meeting with a douidar.

DOUIDARS are young boys who have replaced eunuchs in the harems of Arabia, and who are the sole contacts between the women and the world outside. They often are extremely intelligent, carry out their errands to the letter, and tell their mistresses everything that they hear in the town. When they reach the age of thirteen they are removed from service, and those who have worked for princely families receive a small pension.

I was led into a room of the palace. All the rooms of the great houses in Sana are furnished in the same way. Along the walls are mattresses covered like the floor with rugs, and there are pillows against the wall for one's back. Scattered around are spittoons and incense burners. The impeccably polished brass gleams in the horizontal light from the windows.

About ten women were awaiting me, along with the viceroy's eldest son, aged thirteen, who was dressed as an adult with a dagger at his side. He was the ruler of the harem at the time, because his father was absent.

He conducted me to the sick woman, who had just had a baby. In Sana, nothing comes between wives and their stepsons, even when the latter are their elders. On the other hand, a woman must hide herself carefully from her husband's brothers.

The small prince was present all during my examination. Though several women of reasonable age were there, it

was to this lad that I had to explain the prescription, and he decided to look after the invalid personally.

Abdou, of course, had no right to enter the harem, which was governed by very strict regulations, but he did accompany me to the home of a wealthy merchant who sent a gaudy motor lorry to fetch me.

There was not as much ceremony in the middle-class dwelling as in the palace. Somebody upstairs lifted the latch by pulling on a cord, and Abdou led the way up a long stairway, from time to time shouting "Allah!" so that the women could avoid us as we passed.

The husband was waiting for me beside his ailing young wife. Abdou took his place in the corridor behind the slightly opened door, and the interrogation began.

A well-bred wife must hear no male voice other than that of her husband, nor be heard by any man but him. I was therefore obliged to shout my questions in French. Behind the door, Abdou translated them into Arabic to the husband, who then whispered into his wife's ear and received her whispered reply, which was then relayed to me by the same method.

Sana awakes before dawn at the call of the priests. Theirs is not a modulated chant, as in other places, but a violent authoritarian summons, a strident cry, a command which arouses the people. Nobody is allowed to begin the day without recalling that God is God and Mahomet his prophet.

Shortly after the priests' call, I used to hear my front door slam as my soldiers went on their way to the first prayer of the day.

Ahmed brought my breakfast at about seven o'clock. In Sana, the first meal of the day is always substantial: fried eggs, yoghourt, bread or flaky pastries soaking in honey and melted butter. But I hardly ever had time to dawdle over it because a crowd of patients was always waiting at the door. They hoped that they would receive better care than at the hospital.

At about nine o'clock each morning, when the crowd had dispersed, I went to the hospital and did my ward rounds. After that the hospital director gave me a list of the patients to visit in town, and so I travelled around Sana at the hour of the greatest animation, when all the shops were open.

I arranged my itineraries so that I saw as much of the city as possible. One day I would take the potters' street. Another day I would see the rope-makers or the woodturners, the glaziers or the blacksmiths, or visit the streets of the shoemakers and the tailors.

The citizens of Sana are happy in their simple existence and in their sunlight. Though they are often thin and badly clothed, they are never hurried or tired, because they seldom work.

"What does your father do?" I once asked a little boy.

"He prays, and he goes for walks."

DURING the morning there are hardly any women in the streets, except for the farm wives in the market place and those of the poorer classes, veiled in dark cotton material, on their way for water. The latter carry *tanikas* on their heads. These are large tins which have replaced the heavier and breakable earthenware pitchers of ancient times. If our Western world should suddenly disappear, they are perhaps the only things in the Yemen that would change.

Nobody works after lunch. Factories, government offices, workshops, stores—almost everything is closed. The aspect of the streets changes completely. Upper-class women appear, covered from head to foot by veils from India printed in red, blue or green.

Their faces are hidden by black cloth, just transparent enough to let them see to get about, and ornamented with large white and red circles which give them a curious resemblance to the heads of insects. The fashionable ones pull their veils around their hips, holding the corners tight with their elbows and walking along with a mincing gait.

In addition, they don leather shoes with flat heels which look European, but are of local manufacture. Although these are chic, they are also heavy, and their wearers often take them off and carry them on their heads.

Hardly anything is said at the big social gatherings which take place every afternoon. There is dancing, though. With great difficulty, a space is cleared in the middle of the room. A singer sits down with her tambourin, a woman rises and asks one of her companions to dance. Two by two, three by three, sometimes four by four, the dancers advance, turn, and withdraw, following a rhythmic pattern which at first seems monotonous but becomes enchanting the more one is familiar with it.

Their eyes are lowered and they are unsmiling. Each dancer clutches a handkerchief and a fold of her robes with one hand, while with the other she guides or follows her partner. The entire art consists of the intricate positions of the feet, which slide along the floor, and of hip movements.

In the evenings I liked to call on the Queen of Sana. During her childhood she had been called Moutea, "the Dutiful," but when the Imam married her, she took, according to custom, the haughtier name of Bedraldine, "Beauty of Faith."

Even at thirteen, little Moutea had been famous in all the harems of the city for her pale skin and her beauty. It was said that the Imam, who was then forty and at that time heir apparent, had caught a glimpse of her and fallen passionately in love. But being responsible for the defence of the realm, he had been away from Sana when the negotiation of their marriage was concluded fourteen years ago.

The prince hoped to join his wife, but he had a car accident, then a serious illness, followed by the assassination of his father and a revolution. After that, as the new Imam, he did not wish to return to Sana, and he had never met his wife.

He recently suggested to her a divorce, a small fortune and a real husband, but she preferred the honour of remaining the consort of a far-away Imam.

The queen was plump and pretty. I used to show her books and fashion catalogues, and played gramophone records for her entertainment. Also I recited poetry and sang songs.

It was usually late when I left her. The curfew had almost emptied the streets, and packs of dogs bayed at stragglers. Soldiers stood on guard in the squares, and it was dark except for the lighted stained-glass windows at the tops of the houses. Nocturnal Sana always has a diadem of glowing gems.

It was two o'clock one morning when there came a violent knocking at my door, followed by the noise of men running up the stairs. I hardly had time to turn up the flame of my lamp before four armed soldiers burst into my bedroom.

I was needed at once at the home of Prince Ismael.

I thought it would be a harem matter at that unearthly hour, and simply buttoned myself into a long blue bathrobe and went downstairs to climb into the soldiers' jeep. But it was not to the harem that they conducted me. To my dismay I was shown into a room where obviously an important meeting was taking place.

ABOUT fifteen men were squatting on divans. Prince Ismael was on his throne behind a table littered with papers. Facing him in the empty centre of the room was a solitary chair which awaited me.

All the big houses in Sana have generating sets, and their owners believe in making full use of them. Consequently, the light in the room was blinding.

Seated under the inquisitorial blaze, I felt extremely ill at ease, and could not imagine what the tribunal had in store for me. After a few moments, I dared to look around and was somewhat reassured. There was none but friendly faces.

With an agreeable smile, the prince broke the silence by asking my opinion of the management of the hospital.

Words failed me—I, who had so many things to say on the subject, was unprepared for such a question at that hour—and the prince, sensing my embarrassment, asked me to go and sit beside him. It would be less formal, he said, and make conversation easier.

Then he spoke in a serious tone. "It is not about the hospital that I had you come, Doctor," he said. "We have worked hard tonight, and I have a slight headache. Do you know of a good remedy?"

So *that* was it! He had got me out of bed at 2 a.m. for nothing more than a headache. Anger would have been useless; he would not have understood.

I decided on a subtle revenge.

Choubyl, the chemist at the gathering, plucked a fountain-pen from his turban and carefully noted down in capital letters the name of the remedy I suggested, and the address of a firm in France.

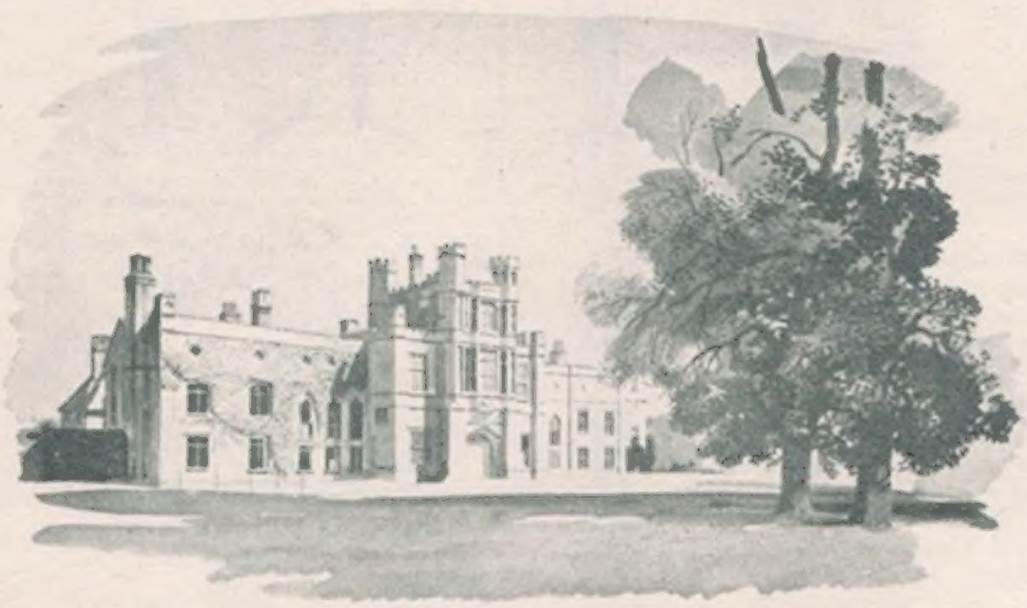
I often think how surprised the firm must have been when it got an order from an Arabian prince for some totally imaginary "Flim-Flam" powder.

NEXT WEEK: I visit the Forbidden Mountain and get locked in a harem

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



At Coughton Court on a fatal night, the Lady Digby awaited the result of the Gunpowder Plot

ONE evening in 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, of Coughton, Warwickshire, accepted a wager from his dinner companions which they little thought he would win. The next morning he rose at dawn. Two sheep on the estate were caught and sheared. Their wool was washed, woven and dyed. A posse of tailors' mates stitched for dear life.

Before nightfall the wool had become a smart, brown cutaway coat on the stalwart back of the baronet. Sir John had won his wager that a coat could be made between sunrise and sunset. Today among the objects to be seen at Coughton Court is the cutaway coat.

The Coughton estate came by marriage to the Throckmorton family in 1409. Throckmortons still live in part of Coughton Court, now owned by the National Trust. The family has remained staunchly Roman Catholic, in spite of the troubles, fines and imprisonments which their faith has brought them.

In the first centuries after the Reformation they were involved in numerous conspiracies. The so-called Throgmorton Plot to murder Queen Elizabeth in 1583 and put Mary Queen of Scots on the throne cost one of the family his head.

Then in 1605 came the Gunpowder Plot. Sir Thomas Throckmorton had lent the house to his brother-in-law, Sir Everard Digby. On the fatal night, Lady Digby and other ladies, with two Jesuit fathers, sat huddled together in the room over the gatehouse, anxiously awaiting news.

At last Bates, the servant of Robert Catesby, who was one of the conspirators and a nephew of Sir Thomas Throckmorton, galloped up to the door.

Breathlessly he told them that the plot had failed miserably and advised them to flee from Coughton to escape suspicion. Then he hurriedly fed his horse and galloped off to rejoin his unfortunate master. Catesby was killed three days later and Lady Digby's husband was executed.

In 1688, when James II was driven from the throne, public indignation again turned against the Catholics. A Protestant mob from Alcester pillaged the house on a day known as "Running Thursday." The entire east wing was destroyed and has never been rebuilt.

There are several royal relics at Coughton. Among them are a magnificent velvet cope embroidered with gold thread by Catherine of Aragon; the chemise worn by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution and said to be stained with her blood; and Bonnie Prince Charlie's garter ribbon.

How to get there: Coughton Court is two miles from Alcester. *Open:* April to October, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Monday Bank Holidays, 2 till 6 or dusk if earlier.

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£50: C. V. Royse, Vulcan Hotel, Worsley Road, Walkden, Manchester: A FINE OLD POLICEMAN—BUT "MOVE ALONG," BRITAIN!

£25: J. M. Bonthron, The Schoolhouse, Crombie, Dunfermline: AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM—DUKE, BATTING FOR—*Kids*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. F. Gasson, 34 Ashley Park Road, Tunbridge Wells: ROBOT IN THE FACTORY—"BIG THING"—NECESSARILY "MONSTER"? £9: G. A. Coulson, 25 Markwick Avenue, Colchester: HOGGING THE LIMELIGHT—FRENCH RACEHORSES—GERMAN "GREYHOUNDS." £8: Mrs. B. Secret, 209 Victoria Road, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft: STRETCHING IT—TO OVERTIME—NOT "PULLING." £7: M. Laidler, 10 Regent Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: A BIT TOTTERY—SPIRE—GRANDPA'S IN CHOIR! £6: F. Lindsell, 3 Birdwood Grove, Fareham: ALL FINGERS AND THUMBS—*Our* ROBOTS, TO DESCENDANTS? £5: A. Croasdale, 3 Smithy Road, Brindle, Chorley, Lancs: STRETCHING IT—NEIGHBOUR'S BUNGALOW, "THE TOWERS"! £5: E. Plows, 24 Clarence Gardens, Four Oaks, Warwickshire: OOZING FROM THE KREMLIN—"OILY" WORDS—*Only* WORDS?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross */& Co./*, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 11, for early news of No. 2,049 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,049, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Why AMERICAN WOMEN are the most spoilt in the world

by

Ann de Gale

AMERICAN women are pampered and petted. They revel in the sure grip they have on the American male's affections. And they leave nothing to chance. They've made a fine art of hunting—and holding—their men. Vital to their scheme of things is that devastating 'all-American' smile. That's why sparkling teeth are a 'must' and any new dental beauty aid is eagerly tried out.

Caught By The Teeth

In this beauty-conscious 'woman's world' they know a good thing when they see it. The latest craze is a new toothpaste. This "Less" toothpaste makes teeth snowy-white—though it's ruby-red in colour! The secret is a wonder ingredient—decyl-carminate. This tooth-whitening agent is found only in "Less."

It's easy to understand why "Less" is so popular—within a few days of trying it my teeth were *shades* whiter! So you don't have to put up with dull, marked teeth a moment longer!

Though it makes an attractive smile, "Less" is practical too. You see, it's ammoniated to help fight decay. And after using it there's a fresh, clean taste in your mouth. Yet it's unbelievably economical!

Double Your Money

"LESS" really does live up to its name. I found that I needed half the amount, so the tube went *twice as far*. In fact, a small pearl-size squeeze of "Less" was sufficient to produce results even better than I expected. Used on a dry brush, "Less" proved doubly effective.

Want to keep the wolves at bay? Then heed this warning. Don't use "Less." If you're the daring type, try some—but don't blame me! A tube costs 1/9½d. All stores and chemists stock "Less."

Excalibur REGD.

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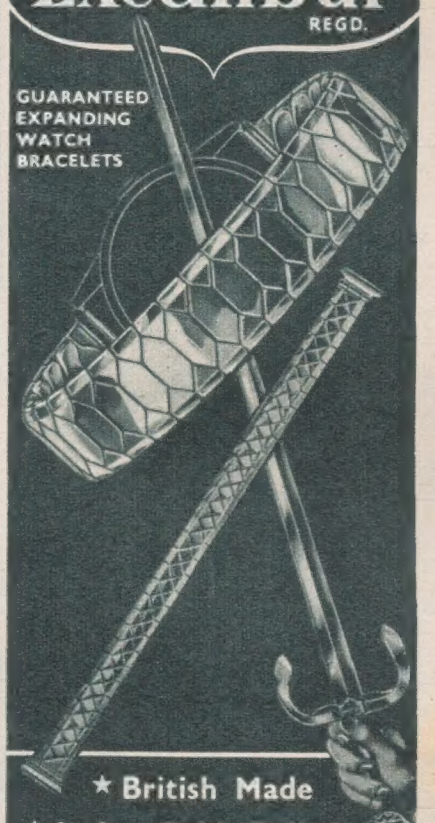

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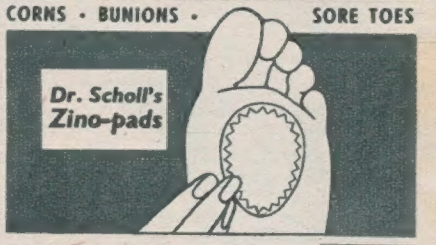

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